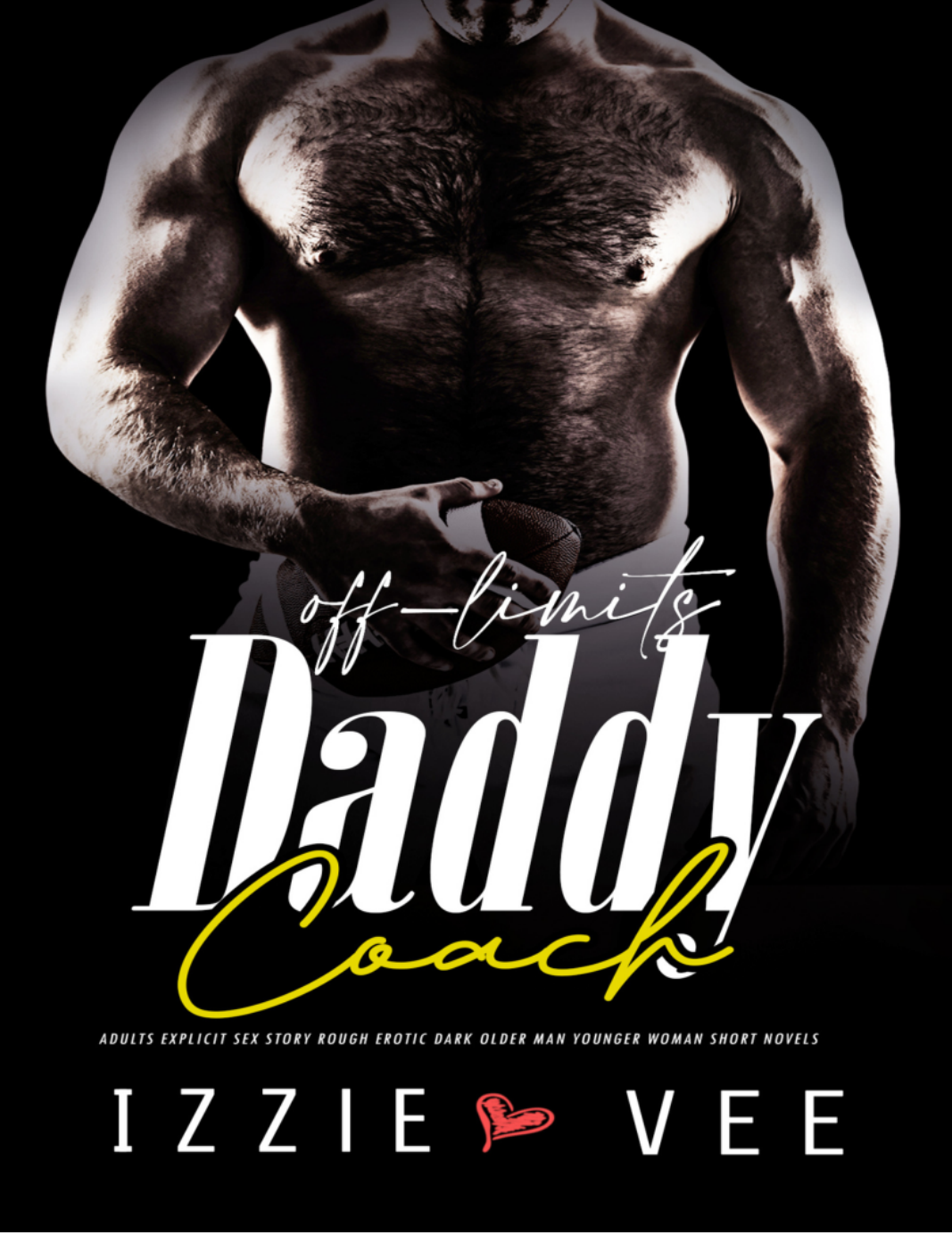
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Daddy
Coach
ADULTS EXPLICIT SEX STORY ROUGH EROTIC DARK OLDER MAN YOUNGER WOMAN SHORT NOVELS
IZZIE VEE

Off-Limits Coach Daddy: Taboo Adults Explicit Sex Story

Rough Erotic Dark, Older Man Younger Woman Short Novels

Steamy, Forced & Forbidden Romance

IZZIE VEE

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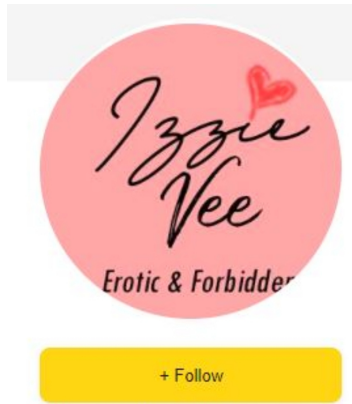

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Chapter 1

Bella

"Oh my gosh, Bella, I can't believe it's almost the end of summer, and you haven't allowed yourself to have some fun," Dian rolled her eyes and threw her phone to the chair in a huff.

I looked up from my notebook and placed it to the side to study her from across the room. "I've had fun," I simply said before deciding to elaborate. "We went rock climbing and went to the movies a couple of times," I defended.

Dian scoffed as she approached me, sitting at the edge of my bed. "I'm not talking about that sort of fun, silly," she said as her green eyes met mine. "I'm talking about some skin-to-skin, sexy time, kind of fun," she grinned, looking at me wickedly.

I bit the inside of my lips, feeling the heat that assailed my cheeks. I looked away, but Dian reached for my hand, demanding my attention. I licked my lips, trying to meet her gaze. "Dian, you already know I'm not that kind of person," I almost whispered.

She huffed and slumped her shoulders with her gaze now lazy. "Are you really planning on leaving college a virgin?" she asked, raising a brow.

I swallowed. "I'm in no rush to hook up with random people I'll maybe regret later on in life."

Dian rubbed her forehead and shook her head. "You aren't even open to having a real relationship, anyway. It's like you've completely written off men!" she exclaimed with a bit of mirth to her voice before glancing at me with wide eyes. "OMG, I didn't even think about it, but are you… are you into girls?"

It was my time to roll my eyes. "No, I'm not but…" I trailed off with a sigh. "I don't know. I just want to get through college without the drama."

Dian sighed heavily. "Ok, but can I ask two things of you before we head back to campus this term?"

I stared into her soft green eyes. Dian had grown to become my best friend, but I didn't know whether I could agree to a promise, especially after the conversation we'd had. Surely it would be something related to me finding a boyfriend or having sex.

"What is it?" I asked, clearing my throat.

She shuffled a bit closer with a smile on her face. "Can I take

you shopping for clothes that aren't gowns and skirts?" she laughed.

I bit back mine. "I actually like my clothes," I said.

"I know, but we don't have much time left in college. Can you be a bit more spontaneous for me …please?" she said with a cheesy grin.

I straightened. "Dian, are you ashamed of me?"

Her eyes immediately widened. "What? No, never! Why would you think that?" she said, clearly taken aback, and I immediately felt bad for assuming such a thing. "You could wear garbage bags for all I care. I just know you're missing out, and I don't want you to leave college, regretting that you never did certain things. I want you to see that you can have your As and your fun at the same time."

I bit my lips in thought. "What was the second thing?"

Her eyes lit up again. "There's a new club opening on the weekend, and I want us to go together. You're my best friend, and I want to share the experience with you."

I would have said no right away, but the last bit really warmed my heart in some strange way. I appreciated that Dian was my best friend, and she could see that as much as I could. We were complete opposites, but here we were by some source of nature. Dian was a socialite, and I wasn't. She had over fifty thousand followers on all social media and was the 'it girl' at school, but she didn't mind that I didn't act crazy or swoon in her presence. She said it was refreshing that I wasn't fake, and I was happy that she wasn't either, despite being a popular face. She always kept it real, and I loved her for it.

"Ok, sure. I will revamp my wardrobe, and I'll go to the club with you," I said.

She squealed and clapped her hands as she stared at me with adoration.

"OMG, I can't wait to go shopping!" she exclaimed as she got up and went for her discarded phone. "There are a few online stores we could try too. I'm an ambassador for one downtown that's doing really good since I did that haul on my YouTube. We could try that and then maybe head to the mall. Are you planning on doing something about your hair too? Pink highlights like me, maybe?" she clasped her hands and smiled at me.

I was barely processing all she was saying with how fast she spoke, but the last question caught me off guard when I did. "Er no… I never really gave it much thought. I think I'll let it stay as it, plus, I don't think I could rock pink hair," I laughed timidly as I reached to fiddle with strands of my long brown hair.

“You could rock anything, trust me. You don’t even have any idea how gorgeous you are,” she said as she typed away on her phone. “Sometimes, I wish I had your big brown eyes and your long legs,” she groaned.

I smiled. “You are beautiful, and I’m sure you know that, Dian.”

She looked up from her phone at me. “I know, but still…” she sighed. “I can’t wait to get you all dolled up! Omg, this will be epic, just watch and guess what – you don’t even have to worry about the cash. I will cover everything!” she said, flashing a smile at me.

My mouth fell open. “Dian, I can’t ask you to do that.”

“Good thing you don’t have to ask,” she said as she jumped on the bed and shoved her phone in front me. “Anyway, I don’t want to hear any arguments about it. I can, and I will… look through their page and tell me if you see anything you’d like. It’s better to secure it if you’re sure, y’know.”

There was so much going on. I almost felt overwhelmed but was distracted by Dian’s constant prodding and the clothes that immediately caught my eye as I started to inspect them. “I think I have the red to this, but the black would definitely suit you,” she said as she tapped on a bodycon dress that was just simple and sleek. “I’m gonna grab a coke in your fridge and be right back – want anything?” she said as she placed her phone in my hand and stood.

“No thanks.”

I sighed as she left the room and scrolled through the options. I tried to imagine myself in each piece of clothing and found it a tad bit difficult to do so. There wasn’t anything as modest as the type I wore. There were tiny dresses, skin-tight leather pants and shorts and other stuff that looked like they weren’t even finished. I wanted to throw the phone to the side and go to bed, but I wanted to do this for Dian, and if I were completely honest, part of me was excited to see myself in such a light.

I got up from the bed and walked to the standing mirror at the end of my room. I was wearing this nude-colored dress that fell down my body like it was twice my size. I bit my lips and gathered a bit of fabric behind me, pulling it back so the dress latched onto my skin. I scraped my hair to the side and tilted my neck as I stared at myself. I never imagined myself in such a position – so sexually appealing – but I definitely saw where those dresses on Dian’s phone would hug my body as this did with manual adjustments.

My heart thrummed in my chest, and for the first time in forever, I decided to open up myself to the idea of a complete

makeover.

For as long as I can remember, I've always been the shy girl so focused on her studies and making her parents proud that seemingly nothing else mattered to her. I had one friend in high school who was more of a study partner than anything else, but it worked for the time being until we graduated and went our separate ways. That gave me more reasons to believe that maybe I wouldn't be a socialite in life, but I was brilliant, and that was all that mattered to me for a while.

I never imagined that once I got to college, my roommate would be a firecracker who implored me to take life by the balls, literally. The very moment Dian Maynard found out I was a college virgin, she made it a priority to convince me to make a change. '*This is college,'* she would say. *'We should be studying dicks more than subjects.'* The very idea grossed me out, but I always enjoyed her rather graphic take on sex and college life.

The truth was, I didn't even think I was capable of attracting members of the opposite sex. After being embarrassed in elementary school for almost kissing a boy I thought liked me back, I had made it a priority to steer clear of them. I chose to wear long skirts and sundresses with sweaters, knowing they wouldn't show even an inch of skin. Though I got teased about it in high school, the goal was achieved, and I was happy about that, at least.

But now, with Dian, the pressure was on, and I frequently contemplated ditching my whole wardrobe just to give her kind of lifestyle a try. I was tempted, especially when she bragged about the men she'd been with and how great the sex was. I guess part of me wanted to explore such intimacies. The closest I ever came to sex was watching romance movies, and I felt some sort of tingling between my legs. It was strange, but I knew what it was, though I'd never given myself the satisfaction of even trying to please myself. I didn't know what it was, but part of me was scared to make such a huge step.

***

Dian stayed that night, getting up at the peak of dawn just because she was so excited for the day ahead. I hauled myself out of bed and brushed my teeth before going down for breakfast. My mom was already in her scrubs and looked between us and smiled as she plated scrambled eggs while my dad sat there drinking coffee and reading the morning paper.

"You guys seem to be in a chipper mood," Mom said as she approached the counter with two plates she placed in front of us.

Dian perked up and smiled brightly – definitely the morning person I wasn't. "We are going shopping today. I'm pretty excited about it."

My mom's gaze immediately landed on me. "Oh, that sounds fun." I scratched my head and reached for the toast, allowing Dian to take the lead.

"Yeah, I can't wait. We have so many places in mind."

My dad finally looked up. "Honey, do you need cash?"

I opened my mouth to answer, but, of course, Dian beat me to it. "Oh, don't worry about that. It's all on me," she smiled.

Mom's smile fell as she glanced at me and then at my best friend. "We couldn't ask you to do that. You are a student yourself," she said with a half-laugh.

Dian playfully fanned her off. "Oh stop, it's not a problem really," she said, her gaze moving towards her phone, which started to ring. "That's my mom… excuse me," she said as she got up and walked to the other room.

Mom walked towards me and sighed, holding my hands. "Honey, are you okay with all this?" she asked, blue eyes boring into mine.

"I am, Mom; Dian means well," I smiled, but she didn't look at all convinced.

"Judging from Dian's excitement, something tells me you aren't going to be shopping for your style of clothing," she gave a tight smile and squeezed my hands. "Just know you don't have to feel pressured to-"

I pulled in a breath. "Mom, I'm not being pressured. This is something I really want to do," I said as I looked over my shoulders. "I'm just allowing my fashionista best friend to lead the way."

"Well, let us give you some cash at least," Dad intervened. "I heard what Dian said, but you should always practice independence. Who knows what can happen?" he said as he reached for his wallet and handed me a few bills.

I sighed and took it. "Thanks, Dad."

Mom reached for my cheeks and caressed them with a smile before she returned to the stove. I filled my mouth with eggs as I went into deep thought. I glanced at my parents and suddenly realized that I was probably the way I was now because of how my parents treated me. I was their only child – a miracle really – since my mom had gotten pregnant with me when they had both thought it was

impossible. They met in college, and my dad was my mom's first-ever boyfriend. I guess she was a lot like me in that sense, but I'd have found a boyfriend already if that were the case.

My mom had always made it her duty to tell me to stay focussed on what was important, and she didn't allow me to guess what that was either. She always said my studies came first – being successful – as no one could take that away from me.

That had become a mantra, and maybe without realizing it, I had taken those words to heart… but it was now time to make a change. Well, not really, but I was always good at multitasking.

***

We were at the spot Dian had basically reserved for us two hours later. As soon as I entered the store, I felt out of place. The remarkable fits on the models and even the ones the employees wore were so stark in difference and quality than what I wore. I immediately hugged myself and glanced down at my dress that brushed my ankles and the all-stars on my feet.

Dian reached for my arm and tugged me towards the clerk at the front, who had a smile on her face until she saw me. "So, this was my friend I was telling you about – Bella."

I managed a smile, and she did her best to do the same, although I could tell it literally pained her to do so. "I see why you were in such a rush." Her smile came easy after that statement because she thought her 'joke' was funny.

"Could we see the ones I had asked you to pick out, please?" Dian asked while I tried to do anything but stare in the face of the blue-eyed bleach blonde.

"Of course, this way," she said as she moved from around the counter to a rack with a few pieces.

We started sorting through them, Dian just beaming as she examined each fit placed against my body. The clerk watched with folded arms as she scrutinized each fit with a twisted mouth. I assessed myself in the mirror and found myself smiling when a few fits were to my liking. I tried a few while Dian sat as a judge outside the changing room. Luckily for me, someone with seemingly more wealth and fashion sense had come in and caught the clerk's attention. Somehow, I felt more confident not having her here – seeing the joy on Dian's face when I stepped out time after time. She was literally jumping on her feet and clapping, and I couldn't help my grin and the happiness that bubbled up inside me at the sight.

“Oh, my gosh! I could literally cry right now,” she squealed and wiped fake tears from her eyes when I came out in a dress that reached mid-thigh. It was a soft lilac with fine straps and dipping cleavage. The material had that kind of scrunched look with adjustable strings at the side, which, to my amazement, could make the dress tighter and even shorter. I turned to the mirror, and Dian came up behind me, squeezing my shoulders as she grinned.

“Well, it’s pretty obvious which one you’ll be wearing to the club.”

I giggled. “We haven’t even checked the other stores yet.”

“Doesn’t matter. This is the one. I swear, it’s perfect – except for the bra – you’ll have to ditch that.” My eyes went to the black straps that were peeking out along with the cups at the cleavage.

“Yeah, you’re right.”

“So, what do you think?”

My eyes roamed over my body, and I could feel the heat in my cheeks as I admired myself. “I love it.”

“Well then, there’s still hope in this world after all,” she teased, and I grinned, swatting at her hands.

We checked a couple more stores and decided to have lunch at the mall – close to the last store we went to. We were sitting under an umbrella and eating burgers. I was pretty exhausted from all the walking and was happy to be at one spot away from the crowd.

“Well, today wasn’t so bad, was it?” she asked as she bit into her food.

“Not bad at all. It was fun actually,” I smiled.

“Great. I think we have a fair amount, too,” she said.

I glanced at the clutter of bags at our feet and raised a brow. “Well, that’s one way of putting it.”

We ate in silence until I almost choked on my fries when I heard a voice behind me.

“Dian?”

Dian looked up, her eyes widening. The person moved from behind me while Dian stood to accept the hug he offered. “Oh, my gosh, Jace, what are you doing here?” she asked as she pulled apart from him to examine his face with wide eyes.

He chuckled. I still couldn’t see anything, but his ashy blonde hair as his back was turned to me.

“We decided to move here since it was a bit closer to school. My

dad also got a new job offer, so that's that."

"That's awesome man; welcome to L.A."

"Thanks."

"Jace, I want you to meet my best friend, Bella. You might have seen us on campus a couple of times. Bella, this is Jace… football prodigy and soon-to-be captain of our team come this semester."

He chuckled and turned to me with his smile still in place. His clear blue eyes were the first thing I was drawn to – they seemed hypnotic, and I hadn't even realized they were as such until now when I was this close to him. I knew of him on campus – he was the popular kid – and would always see him with his friends or the girls who would frequently swarm him.

I extended my hand and offered a smile. "Nice to meet you."

His grip was firm, but there was a softness in his hands I wasn't expecting, considering the sport he played. "The pleasure is all mine."

He had a smile that I wasn't too innocent to understand, and I knew was partly the reason why the females loved him so much. I didn't know if it were natural or just a tactic he used to charm females, but I knew better than to think of the latter with a guy like Jace. There was no way he would find me attractive – especially in this get-up.

The handshake lingered for longer than necessary until I pulled my hand away and cleared my throat.

Dian flashed me a look, a smile on her face that told me she was up to no good. "So, Jace, how's LA treating you so far?"

"Great, I just need someone to show me around the place. The good spots, that is," he smiled, looking between us.

Dian's eyes lit up. "Oh, there's this club-"

I instantly stepped on her feet beneath the table and watched as she cut herself off and bit her lips, flashing me a dangerous look, but I figured she got the gist. Jace looked confused.

"What club?" he asked.

Dian shrugged. "Um… this new one that's opening up on the weekend, but um… we won't be able to go until next week," she lied.

"Oh, maybe we can all go together and hang out?" he said, looking at me.

I swallowed and looked to my burger.

"Yeah, sure; we can exchange numbers." Through the corner of my eye, I could see Dian handing him her phone and vice versa.

“Awesome, well, I’m looking forward to seeing you guys,” I looked back up and found his eyes were still trained on me. “It was nice meeting you, Bella.”

I managed a smile. “You too.”

He smiled, “See you guys,” and then he was gone.

I sighed and reached for my drink, taking a huge gulp.

“I can't believe you were gonna invite a complete stranger with us on Saturday,” I argued.

“Jace is not a complete stranger. He’s a great guy who, by the looks of it, was really into you,” she wiggled her brows.

I scoffed. “Oh, please. Have you seen him?”

“Have you seen you? You’ve got to give yourself more credit y’know,” she said with a warning look.

“Hmm, he’s not really my type, anyway,” I mumbled as I drank.

Dian’s eyes widened. “You have a type? Since when?” she choked up a laugh.

I shrugged. “Well, I guess I just prefer dark brunettes like myself.”

“Ouuu, but Jace is definitely handsome,” she argued.

“He is, but I dunno, there’s no spark or anything like that.”

Dian laughed. “This isn’t the movies or the romance novels, Bella. Electricity isn’t going to run through your veins when you find ‘the one’. It’s all bull, and you’re smart enough to know that.”

“My parents said they knew they were each other’s soulmates when they met. I believe it exists, and I don’t think Jace is mine.”

Dian rolled her eyes. “Well, no one is looking for soulmates in college. We’re all just looking for a good time, and I’m confident Jace is someone who can show you that.”

I sighed. “Ok, you already convinced me to change my wardrobe and go with you to this club. Maybe just go easy on the Jace argument, please. That’s a definite no.”

Dian sighed. “Ok, fine, I’ll stop all the Jace talk,” she said as she drank and eyed me over the rim of her cup.

I knew Dianne enough to know it would just be for a while before she started again.

Chapter 2

Bella

The weekend came faster than I was anticipating. I didn't know how exactly to explain the knot in my stomach, but it was there. I was by my vanity applying a little makeup to my face, happy that I had picked up on the skill in high school and intrigued by the technique. I was no pro, but I knew enough not to make me look like a plain Jane.

Dian was in the back, straightening her hair after deciding to add some more pink highlights a day prior. We were already dressed – me in my lilac dress and Dian deciding to go for leather leggings and a lacy crop top.

"I promise you, Bella – this is gonna be epic!" Dian said as she tried to suppress a scream.

I smiled, not knowing how true that would be, seeing I'd never been to a club in my life to gauge the experience. I didn't know what to expect, except for a ton load of people and loud music. Right now, I wasn't too keen on that either. I didn't anticipate the wandering gazes of men or their non-consensual touches. I didn't want any part of it but figured I would give Dian the pleasure by agreeing. Plus, a voice in my head constantly told me to get out of my shell. I didn't know how tonight would aid in that cause, but I guess there was only one way of finding out.

"Ok, ready?" she asked as she stood behind me with a smile on her blood-red lips. She brought her clasped hands to her mouth and stared down at me. "You look so fucking amazing, bestie."

I couldn't help my smile. "Thank you. Of course, you don't need me to tell you that you look stunning."

Dian grinned. "Ok, let's go… it's almost ten and it's ladies free before."

We got up and grabbed our purses before leaving the house. I was happy it was my parents' date night, and they had gone out. I don't think I could live down the look on their faces if they ever saw me in such a scandalous outfit. They were quite content with my conservative fits and had no qualms in accepting otherwise.

"So when we get there, stay by my side, okay. It's gonna get pretty hectic, and I just know the place is already packed," Dian said as she drove, eyes trained on the road.

I smiled at her motherly tone. "Doesn't sound like there will be room to even have fun."

“Don’t worry, once we get a few drinks in, we’ll be living for it,” she glanced and me and winked.

I swallowed. “I er- I don’t think I’ll be having anything to drink,” I admitted softly.

Dian darted her gaze toward me. “What? You can’t be serious.”

“Someone has to be the designated driver, and I know you’ll be pretty out of it, so… I’m choosing not to.”

“Listen, Bella. I don’t need you to sacrifice your fun for me. If both of us get wasted, I know a lot of people I could call to get us. Don’t worry.”

I managed a smile and remained silent until we arrived at the club named *‘Enigma.’* Dian parked, and we got out, facing the entrance. My eyes roved over the huge black building with the pop of neon lights that emphasized the name at the top. The bassy music could be heard from a mile away, and a few people were being searched at the front, where a huge man stood in all black.

I sighed when Dian came and stood beside me, her eyes set in the same direction as mine. “Well, this is it. Let’s go,” she said as she reached for my hand and tugged me along with her. I almost tumbled in the four-inch heels I had on but quickly regained my balance and followed behind an eager Dian, who was basically hopping as we approached the entrance. As we got closer, the music got louder, and I could make out a few people inside. I craned my neck and looked up at the man in front, who stood with a somber expression on his face, a metal detector in his hand as we stood before him.

Without saying a word, he swiped it across our bodies and nodded towards the opened door. Dian grabbed my hands and pulled me along, and before long, we were swallowed up inside. The beams of colorful lights flashed across my eyes, and I had to blink a few times to adjust it. All I could smell was perfume – a mix that made my stomach churn. Dian turned to me and smiled, pulling my hands as we bore through people and made our way to the counter at the front. I had thought it would have been less crowded, considering it wasn’t even ten yet, but the place was already booming, and I was sure I’d have a headache in the morning.

“Ok, what are you drinking?” Dian exclaimed.

“A club soda to start,” I said, watching as her brows furrowed while she paused as if contemplating whether or not to argue with me. She turned to the counter and yelled the order to one of the four bartenders who moved at the speed of light to get their jobs done.

I rubbed my arm and looked around at the vibe that was inside.

There were couples, singles, and groups of people who came together to celebrate. Champagnes were being popped, shots were being served, and a chorus of shouts and celebratory noises contested with the sound of the hip hop music blasting in speakers while the DJ stood on the second floor at a small section reserved just for him. He caught the attention of a few persons on the ground floor, staring up at him and boosting him as they danced to the song he was playing. He paused to shout out a few people, scratched his equipment and then went to another song with a similar rhythm. I nodded my head and smiled without realizing it until Dian came and shoved my drink in front of me.

"Not so bad, is it?" she smiled, flashing me that I-told-you-so look.

I shrugged and took a drink, glancing at Dian's. "What're you having."

"My favorite; Henny and coke. Come, let's go mingle with the crowd a bit." Without waiting for a response from me, she was already leading the way, one hand in the air, her hips swaying as she vibed to a song. We went deep into the dancing bodies, and I held my drink tight, afraid that it would spill on people, but ironic enough, a few drinks were spilled on me as soon as I settled at a spot on the dance floor. I was squirming, but as I looked at Dian, I realized she was having the time of her life while she spilled her drink on people in the process. It didn't seem to faze them, though – everyone was just busy having a good time, and part of me envied them for that.

Dian laughed as she stumbled in front of me. "Loosen up, girl. What's wrong with you!" she exclaimed, turning her drink to her head and gulping it down in one go. "Ok, now that that's out of the way, let's have some fun," she said, tipping my glass further towards my mouth.

I decided to damn it all and drank down all of it. Dian grinned and took my glass, passing it on to a nearby waitress. She then grabbed my arm and tossed it in the air, trying to match the energy around us.

I was starting to get hot with the people that surrounded me – bouncing against me while I inhaled their sweat and the alcohol on their breath. But no one seemed to mind all that, and I wondered if I could do the same thing if I allowed myself to loosen up. So I started to sway my hips rather awkwardly, but heck, nobody was judging or even seemed to care, giving me a little confidence boost.

Soon after, it was as if I were moving along the waves of the music around me. The DJ switched to a more upbeat tune, and the

crowd seemingly went off in a frenzy. Dian grabbed my hands and twirled me around, and I giggled, not finding this bad after all. I was starting to enjoy myself, and it was as if people could see that. They came to snuggle up to us, dancing against us but not too daring to touch us out of the ordinary. I started to hop on my feet because, apparently, that was what I knew how to do best. My hands flailed in the air, and I closed my eyes while I soaked up all that was being offered.

I didn't know how long it continued, I just knew that I was having the time of my life with my best friend beside me, who was just like an energizer bunny. It was like I was feeding off that, and it felt damn good. Soon, I could feel sweat trickling down my back and knew it was probably time for me to catch my breath.

I leaned into Dian. "I'm gonna get us some more drinks, okay?" I yelled, and she immediately grabbed onto my shoulders.

"I can go if you want!"

"No, no. I need to catch my breath, anyway," I admitted.

"Okay, I'll be right here when you get back!" she said, and I nodded, shoving off into the sea of people who wouldn't even hear my excuses if I said it.

Once I got to the bar, I realized it was even more crowded than before, and people overran the spot I had stood earlier. But nevertheless, I made my way through to the front and yelled until I got served. As fun as all this was, it was pretty exhausting, and I knew without a doubt that I would be sleeping for hours come tomorrow.

I was making my way back to Dian when I bumped into something rock hard, causing the drinks to spill over. The first thing my brain registered was the musky perfume that made me feel light-headed in the best possible way, but when it dawned on me that I had bumped into an actual person, my eyes widened, and my mouth fell open.

My heart started pounding in my chest as my eyes met his and traveled all the way up to his face. This man could probably step on me in any given situation. Fuck my luck.

"Oh, my gosh, I'm so sorry," I said as my eyes moved back to his drenched black shirt, which stuck to his skin like a glove, emphasizing the hard ridges of his stomach.

I didn't know why my heart was beating so fast. Either I was blaming myself for being such a klutz, or this man was the most beautiful I had ever seen. Once I took in every detail of his face, I found myself staring while he was maybe thinking of ways to knock

me out.

His blue eyes were intense – probably the most intense I have ever seen – causing an unexplainable shiver to sliver down my spine. But despite the intensity in his eyes, a smile was still on his full lips.

“Don’t worry about it,” he said. That should have been enough to slow down my heart, but instead, it started galloping at the sound of his voice, which seemingly contested the bass in the room.

I lowered my gaze to hide the blush that crept to my cheeks. “At least allow me to buy you a drink to make up for it,” I heard myself saying.

“After making you spill yours, I don’t think so,” he chuckled. “Allow me to buy back yours.”

My gaze found its way to his beautiful face again, and just like that, I was captivated for the second time. How could one man be so beautiful, and added to that, he was looking at me in a way that made me feel like swooning right there on him. My mouth opened to produce a reply while he watched every single wordless movement. I clamped it shut and bit my lips, my brain seemingly gone to mush in the presence of this man.

“O-Ok,” was the only word my lips could allow me.

He smiled, and we moved off towards the bar once again. I almost gasped when I felt his hand on the small of my back, ushering me through the crowd. I could feel the warmth radiating from his hands through my body, which caused a tingling between my legs.

I knew I was treading on dangerous grounds with this man, but it was as if I were blind to everything else but him. He stood at the counter, towering over everyone else as he commanded the waiters' attention. His scent was still in my nose, and it seemed all I could smell at this point–a sweet musk that was kind of citrusy and animalistic, yet with a sweet undertone that made me feel high from just one whiff.

He turned to me, and I paused, knowing I must have been red as a beet at the realization of getting caught staring at him. “What were you having, sweetheart?”

“Er… club soda and a henny and coke for my friend.”

He nodded and relayed the order to the waitress, and waited a few seconds before it was served to him. He offered me the two cups, and I took it with a smile. “Thank you, although you didn’t have to.”

“I kinda felt like I did. I got you wet, too,” he said as his gaze went down my dress. I froze. There was one kind of wet I could think about: the feeling between my legs. I was hot all over- too shocked to

say anything, until I finally realized he meant the spillage, and I almost kicked myself.

I immediately looked down at my own body and noticed the wetness across my chest, knowing my nipples were poking through my dress like pistols. His eyes were glued there. He clenched his teeth before he tore them away and settled them back to my face. Somehow, his inspection of me didn't make me feel self-conscious. I felt sexier than ever for some reason.

"I'm Logan, by the way," he said with an extended hand.

I stared at his big palm before placing mine into it and instantly felt my nipples tightening as well as my core. "Bella," I managed to say.

He held my hand, and I didn't want him to let go. It was like the world had stopped, and all that mattered was how this complete stranger roiled up everything inside me. How his touch made me feel and how it was something I was suddenly craving more of.

"Pleasure to meet you, Bella. What do you say we show these bums a few moves on the dancefloor?" he said with a teasing smile.

I giggled. "I can't dance to save my life."

"Well, good thing you're not dying. Let's go," he said, arching an arrow-straight brow.

I bit my lips and nodded at him, moving past him to lead the way. I still had no control over my heart and the way it was beating fast in my chest. I looked into the crowd and met Dian's gaze. Her eyes shifted to Logan behind me, and she flashed a smile at me, looking prouder than anything else.

I handed her the drink while she still continued to sway her hips, looking at Logan over my shoulder. "Who's the hottie?" she asked, and my cheeks flamed.

"Er – Logan. I met him at the bar when I spilled my drinks on him," I said, trying to get as close as possible to her so only she could hear what I had to say.

"Well, that's one way of getting someone's attention," she laughed. "He's totally into you and definitely your 'type'," she winked, and I folded my lips to hide my grin. Dian got back to partying, mingling with a male and female who were seemingly amused by her energy.

I smiled and turned to Logan, bobbing his head to the music while people danced around him. As soon as he saw he had my attention again, he smiled, and I felt it all the way to my knees.

“I take it you’re not much of a dancer yourself!” I exclaimed.

He ran his fingers through his tapered cut as he assessed the dance floor. “Not really, but maybe we can be better together.”

I licked my lips and took a sip of my drink as I watched him while contemplating his words. I knew I probably shouldn’t engage, but there was just something about him, like a magnet pulling me closer. The way he looked at me made matters worse. It was like he was devouring every inch of me with his intense gaze, and I enjoyed it. There was this dangerous aura to him, but it made him all the more attractive. He couldn’t take his eyes off me, and I couldn’t take mine off him, even though I was probably as red as a beet.

The music switched to something more sensual, completely transforming the couples around us, who immediately started to move against each other in a hypnotizing fashion that took me by surprise. I glanced at Dian and realized she was already caught up with a man with his hands around her waist while she swayed her ass against him. She reached up and trailed her hand along his face, allowing him to move closer to nuzzle her neck.

I turned to Logan, who watched me like a hawk, just waiting for me to make a move. This was what I wanted after all, wasn’t it? To let loose – have some fun. I inched closer to him and started to sway my hips as well, turning my back to him before our bodies touched. My breath hitched, and I stiffened for a bit, but then his hand was at my waist, rolling it from side to side. I was sure someone could see my heart beating out my chest when his hands found my body – my back pressed against his hard chest. He was warm, he smelled good, and I felt safe, despite knowing I was probably losing my mind thinking such a thing.

But I wanted this experience. I wanted to revel in the feeling that being so close to Logan brought me, so I started to gyrate against him faster, matching the rhythm blasting from the speakers. He rolled his hips against me as I rolled mine to meet his soft thrusts. My body was on fire, and this time, it wasn’t from the heat. It was because this man had managed to awaken every single nerve inside my body.

“See, it’s not so bad,” he said against my neck, his heated breath almost causing me to shiver. I didn’t know what was happening. My body had never had such a reaction toward a man. I was flustered and confused, and quite frankly, I didn’t want the night to end.

I became more comfortable in his arms, bracing into him with each passing second while my body grew needier. His hands started to slide up and down my side slowly, teasing my flesh – sending jolts through my body. I pressed my ass further into him and could feel as

he briefly stopped, his hands coming to a halt on me. I ground on him and could have sworn I heard him growl as his fingers pressed into my skin.

Logan's body became tenser the longer we danced until I could feel something hard pressing against me. My eyes widened, and I stiffened as I turned to face him. His eyes were dark, and I could tell he was enjoying this just as much as I was. My gaze dropped to his pants, and from there, I could see the evident bulge in his pants that he didn't seem ashamed of. My heart started to gallop at the realization that such a stellar man as Logan was attracted to me – was so attracted that I could arouse him.

Surprisingly, the idea didn't frighten me, which should be frightening in itself, but here I was, wanting all this man had to offer for tonight and the rest of my lifetime. I licked my lips and pressed myself into him, my hardened nipples flattening into his hard chest. I could feel his boner in my stomach, and I knew I was completely sodden by now. I could feel it as I moved – how wet I was for this man. The feel of his length made me putty; I knew I needed him and had never felt so clear about anything in my life.

As if our gazes were a language of their own, my eyes met his, and I watched with bated breath as his head lowered to mine. When our lips touched, the feeling was heaven on earth. His lips were soft as they brushed against mine in a teasing manner. I smiled against his and swallowed the lump in my throat before I leaned further into him and experienced my very first real kiss.

This wasn't the kindergarten-type peck on the cheeks that was purely innocent. This was something else on a whole other level. As soon as my mouth opened up for his, I knew one thing was certain – this was the man I was supposed to spend my life with. Don't ask me how I knew; I just knew I had never felt so alive in my life. As his tongue probed in to mingle with mine, I was lost – in a world of my own that this man provided. Nothing else existed but what was happening around me. Tremors vibrated through my whole body, more rigorous at certain spots that had me wanting more and more of him. His hands were on me, I was pressed against his taut body, and my mouth was experiencing a level of passion not known to man.

I moaned against him and could feel the bulge in his pants grow against me. I was on fire – burning at a fever pitch – as I became intoxicated with him. His medium stubble against my skin was bittersweet, but nothing compared to the feeling of his mouth against mine.

I've never kissed someone like this – I had no idea what I was

doing. But Logan's tongue guided mine, he sucked against mine, and I did the same to him, reciprocating every action the best I knew how.

I hadn't even realized my eyes were closed until they popped open when he broke the kiss. I stared at him with an open mouth, trying to find some answers there.

"I don't think I'll be able to stop myself if we continue," he exclaimed huskily against my ear.

I swallowed, breathing heavily. "I- I don't want you to."

He smiled, one large hand coming up to cup my face, his thumb caressing my cheek. "May I take you somewhere more private?" he asked as his gaze searched mine.

My mind and heart were on a racecourse, and I felt breathless at how fast they were going. I was buzzing from the invite, but at the same time, I wanted to be logical. Yes, Logan was nice, but could I trust a beast in a nightclub? My heart already knew what it wanted, and my brain was not far behind. Truth was, I wanted this more than anything I had ever desired in my life. If I were lucky like my parents, then Logan would be my forever man. I could feel it in his touch, and I knew it deep down in my heart. It was that simple.

"I'll respect whatever choice you make, Bella." Even my name on his lips was like a gentle caress that made my decision more certain.

"Okay." I turned to Dian, still dancing away, her pinkish blonde hair damp with sweat and her makeup now glowing. I bit my lips as I approached her, somehow dreading her reaction to me telling her that I was willing to leave with a man.

"Hey!"

She glanced at Logan and then at me. "Is everything okay?"

I quickly nodded, fiddling with my fingers. "I er…I'm leaving with Logan," I said.

Dian paused, her mouth falling open while her eyes widened. "What?"

"I will be careful… I – I want this."

Her big green eyes softened, and her mouth transformed into an open-mouthed smile. "Look at you being a baddie and not afraid to express what you want," she exclaimed proudly.

I rubbed my arm. "I will text you, okay."

She grinned with a nod. "Sure. Have fun and use protection," she said, flashing me a warning look.

I blushed. “See ya.”

I left Dian’s side and went with Logan who held my hand and walked us out of the club. The cold night air whipped my skin as soon as I stepped out, and I shivered. But Logan was there with a hand around my shoulder as he walked us to the parking lot. He stopped at a Prius and opened the passenger’s seat door before he turned to look at me.

“After you.”

I smiled and stepped in, hoping to have the ride of my life.

Chapter 3

Bella

We parked in front of a small two-story house with a small porch and a huge front yard. When he said he was bringing me to his place, I wasn't thinking the whole thing. I was thinking of an apartment, but Logan looked mature enough to have things like this. I knew he was way older, and yet he was fitter than most of the men I had seen on our campus back in college. It suddenly dawned on me that this was an experienced man, and I didn't need to know his age to come to that conclusion. Logan had looks to kill, and I was certain that just as I was hypnotized by his mere beauty, a lot of other females had been too.

My stomach sank at the thought. In the back of my mind, he only had eyes for me just as I had for him, but I knew not to be foolish by thinking such a thing. Regardless, I was sure I wanted him, I was sure that my gut feeling was right, and I had found my prince charming.

Logan shuffled out of his seat and came around my side to do the same for me. I tried to hide my smile, but I couldn't stop myself. The chivalry was swoon-worthy.

"This is me, Bella," he said as he stared ahead at his house and then at me.

"It's really nice."

"Thank you."

He led the way and opened the door, allowing me to enter first. As soon as I stepped in, I noticed his scent was all over the place. Well, at least I was now certain it was his. We were in the living room, with hardwood, and huge brown sofas that sat on a huge red and cream Persian rug. A section of the cream walls was reserved for photos of all types and frames. I was suddenly tempted to look – see the people that were part of his life.

"Can I get you something to drink?" he asked as he came to stand in front me. I saw something I hadn't seen in the poorly lit bar. There was a tattoo of an eagle at the side of his neck – so intricately designed that it seemed like the bird was about to fly off his skin. My hands reached up to touch it, and I was glad he allowed me to, though I didn't want to seem too inquisitive. My fingers trailed along the thick column of his neck, lingering on the smooth skin where the bird was drawn. I looked at Logan again and realized his eyes had

darkened again as he stared at me. My heart skipped a beat as he held my hand in place and pulled me against him with the other. I almost gasped as my body came in contact with his again, and just like that, I was burning up.

I looked into his eyes, awaiting the moment when my lips would meet his. But he just stared at me as if trying to see into my soul.

"I need you to tell me that this is what you want, Bella," he said. "I need to know that you are completely on board with what's going to happen. I don't need you to regret anything in the morning. All I want you to think about is me and how great this will be for you," he said.

I swallowed and nodded.

"Say it."

"I want you, Logan – without a doubt."

He smiled and gave me what I'd be longing for. A kiss that weakened my knees and had me latching my hands around his neck as I marveled in it. There was no delaying this – we both knew what we wanted and were in the process of taking it.

He swept me into his arms, and I gasped, holding onto him tighter. He climbed the stairs and carried me to a bedroom with the neatly spread bed and dark furniture that matched his overall aura. He placed me on my feet, and I licked my lips as it dawned on me what was really about to happen.

"I- I've never done this before," I said in what sounded like a whisper.

"What, sleeping with someone you just met?"

"A one night stand-"

"I know I'll want you for more than just one night, beautiful. This isn't what this is," he said, his words making me dizzy.

It made what I was about to say next a lot easier. "I- I'm a virgin," I said.

His eyes widened, and his brows rose. "You've never had sex before?" he asked.

My cheeks heated as I shook my head.

"How old are you, Bella?"

"Twenty-three. You?"

"Thirty-three."

I was expecting thirty, but that wasn't far off. It didn't make me

want him any less. He reached for my face again with that reassuring touch that had me quaking in my boots.

"I'm gonna make certain you don't forget tonight," he said.

"I wouldn't want to."

He smiled and kissed me again, his hands trailing across the small of my back as he deepened the kiss to a mind-numbing degree. I latched onto him like life itself depended on it and kissed him back the best I knew how. His lips were so soft, so alluring; his mouth sweet as stroke after stroke set me ablaze.

Like a hungry little kitten, I started to claw at him, wanting to touch his skin and feel it against me. My fingers crept up under his shirt, grazing bulks of hard flesh that made me moan against his mouth. Logan broke the kiss and stared at me, his eyes a story of passion. He pulled his shirt over his head, and my eyes dropped to his slightly hairy chest with his taut muscles glowering at me. He was a beautiful specimen of a man, and my body couldn't wait to have him. Looking at him, I could feel myself pooling with liquid heat.

He reached for me again and kissed me hard, one hand at the strap of my dress, which he gently pried down my shoulders. My exposed breasts were pressed against his muscular body, my nipples even tighter from the contact. I found his buckle and started fumbling with it, simultaneously wondering where I got the courage to be acting like this. But it was as if I had known Logan for a while, and knew that my body was explicitly meant for him. He broke the kiss yet again and caught my gaze as he pulled my dress down my body. He knelt in front of me, and I swallowed as he drank in the sight of my naked breasts and my lacy royal blue panties, visibly wet from where he stood.

His hands slid down the curves of my hips, leaving a fiery trail in its wake. "You are so perfect, Bella. Your skin is like silk; flawless, supple," he said, his breath hot on my legs as he spoke.

I swallowed hard. "Th-thanks."

He looked up at me and smiled before he pulled me into his arms and lifted me, placing me on the bed. I propped up on my shoulders and watched as he loomed over me, his muscles flexing as he walked. He pulled me to the edge of the bed and pried my legs apart before he hooked his fingers in the waistband of my panties and pulled them off. His eyes were fixed on me, fixed on the area between my legs that was absolutely dripping for him. There was the darkness in his eyes that I began to know too much. My eyes shifted down his body, and it seemed the dent in his pants got even bigger.

I was almost out of breath when I realized what this man was about to do. I had expected to feel his penis inside me by the look on his face, but when he positioned himself between my legs, I damn near lost my mind.

"Wh-What are you doing?" my voice came out shakily.

He looked up from between my thighs, and I swallowed as I awaited his response. "I'm gonna taste you. I want every drop of juice on my lips before I have it on my dick," he said matter-of-factly. What could I say to that? Nothing.

I was speechless as I watched him with my heart hammering in my chest. When his mouth found my flesh, I flinched, taken off guard by the tonne load of sensations that assaulted my body with one single touch. Logan's eyes were on me as he stuck out his tongue and swiped it across my needy flesh. I moaned, my whole body tingling as he reigned pleasure on me with lick after lick.

"You taste better than I expected," he said, and I quivered when his hot breath caressed my skin. "But now it's time for me to eat," he said, and I held my breath as I awaited his next move.

I gasped when his whole mouth went down on me, his lips flat against my sensitive clit while his tongue stroked my hole. Unable to hold my body up, I flopped back into the bed and stared at the ceiling, which seemed to be spinning around me. My chest rose and fell as Logan's hot mouth lapped up my juices. I could hear the sounds of my wetness and felt my cheeks flame. I gripped the sheets, trying to make sense of the pleasure with an open mouth. I couldn't believe it felt this good – I couldn't believe that someone was pleasuring my body like he had known it for ages. I moaned, I snapped my eyes shut, and I writhed as it got more and more intense. Logan's tongue was doing wonders, and I couldn't make sense of the feelings that inhabited my body. But then, just when I thought it couldn't get any better, he started moving faster, sucking my flesh, which resulted in a series of whimpers from me. I eased up to look at what he was doing but crashed back into the bed just as fast when a bolt of pleasure rippled through me.

"Oh- oh my gosh," I exclaimed, feeling like I was losing my mind. He didn't let up for even one second – he just stayed there as if my vagina was his home. I pushed my hips against him because, as great as he was doing, a sensation was building inside me, which made me want more. I moaned and whimpered, reaching for his head, mussing up his hair, wordlessly begging him for more until I received my full share.

I squealed, crashing back into the bed as a glorious feeling built

inside me, getting higher and higher the longer he stayed there.

"Logan!" I screamed and froze in the bed, staring at the ceiling as a wave of unexplainable bliss took over my body, settling at my core. It was like an explosion that paralyzed me before I started to tremble in the aftershocks. A gush of liquid rushed to my core, and Logan collected it with his resilient tongue, which had me quaking over and over again. My mouth was wide open but couldn't produce any words, my eyes wide open, but all I could see were stars. My body seemed weightless as it went to cloud nine and back.

Logan finally eased up, licking his lips as he loomed over me. I could see traces of wetness around his mouth that somehow caused me to be aroused all over again.

"How was it?" he asked me, a small smile on his face.

I swallowed. "T-That was the most amazing feeling in the world," I whispered, still in a state of stasis.

He chuckled. "One of…" he said, propping on an elbow beside me.

I turned to him, trying to catch my breath. "You are really good at that."

He smiled, his hands sliding over my overly sensitive nipple, down my stomach before lingering between my legs. I swallowed, staring into his clear blue eyes. "Could I taste you too?"

Something flashed across his gaze. "Maybe later. Tonight is all about you, Bella. We're gonna have a lot of time after tonight to try everything," he smiled, and my heart skipped a beat when his finger slipped between my folds.

I tried to get hold of my composure. "You want more than tonight?" I said breathlessly.

"Don't you?"

"Yes," I said in what sounded like a gasp as his fingers repeatedly slid over my sensitive clit.

"It'd be a sin not to have you again after this." His voice was husky as he spoke, trapping my gaze as he fingered me. "Your body is mine tonight and will be for a long time." He slipped a finger inside me, and my mouth fell open as I started to breathe heavily again.

"Tell me everything that you want, Bella. Let me know how to please you," he said, his words like a promise.

My brain spun. "I- I want you to kiss me," I said as I reached for his face, running my thumb along his stubble.

Without another word, he lowered his mouth to mine and

sucked my lips in a gentle caress. I could taste myself on him, and my heart soared, remembering what he had done minutes earlier. As he kissed me, he used his finger to stroke my flesh, going back and forth with his middle fingers before he added another. It slipped inside me easily, seeing I was still so wet for him – even wetter now that his saliva had lubricated my flesh. His fingers glided inside me, massaging my walls, causing me to pry my legs further apart as he stroked me. The kiss added another degree to the pleasure I was already feeling. This was different from what he had done earlier. His fingers were hard and more dominant as they moved within my flesh. The sensations grew quicker – I was close to another orgasm within seconds of him adding another finger.

I moaned and kissed him harder, feeling like I was about to cum. I started to roll my hips to reach the pleasure I knew was near, but I didn't get the chance because Logan pulled out and left me empty. He broke the kiss at the same time and stared down at me.

"Do you think you're ready for me, Bella?"

"Yes," I said. "I want you so much." I didn't know where such bold words came from, but I knew I meant that more than anything I'd ever said in my life.

Logan rolled off the bed and stood, staring at me before he peeled his jeans down his waist, leaving him in only boxers. I watched with bated breath, acknowledging the huge lump between his thighs that seemed to strain for release. Logan was a beast – I could see that now in every single muscle he possessed. He was a God of a man – the most beautiful I had ever seen, and quite frankly, to have such an experience with such a man felt like a dream.

He pulled his boxers down, and his manhood strained against it before it sprang free, dangling for a second before it pointed at me, throbbing. I nearly lost my wits at the sight, now feeling a trickle of panic overcome me. As wet as I knew myself to be, I doubted he could fit inside me.

Logan must have seen the look on my face because he was quick to assure me. "Don't worry… I'll ensure you know nothing but pleasure," he said as he approached me.

I couldn't take my eyes off him; off the bulbous shiny head and the veins that lined his length like roots. There was an anticipation growing inside me despite the anxiety I was currently feeling. This was about to happen. I wasn't going to be a virgin anymore, and the thought excited me. I was confident this was the man I wanted for the job. I could feel it in my soul.

Logan came onto the bed and hovered over me, blocking the

light in the room as his beautiful face and broad shoulders came into view. He kissed me, kissed along my neck, and I whimpered at the pleasure that sizzled through me. He took his time to knead each breast in hand before he covered each with his mouth, sucking gently as ripples ran through my body. He kissed a line to my belly button before he came back up and did it all over again.

My hands were all over him – sailing across his back, through his soft hair. I wanted everything. His length grazed my leg, my core pooling with need at the simple touch. My body was begging for him, burning at a fever pitch.

Logan came back up to my face and paused. “It’s going to hurt for a second when I’m inside you, but then it’s gonna get better. If it gets too much for you, just tell me. Tell me what you want and what you don’t want,” he said, positioning between my legs.

I nodded as he guided the shiny tip of his manhood to my entrance and rubbed it up and down my slit. I moaned, my heart pounding in my chest as I waited for him to enter me. I was aware that he wasn’t using any protection, but I wanted to feel every inch of Logan with nothing between us. My flesh against his flesh, fully joined because I was convinced that he was going to be my man after tonight. He slid his length down my clit and propped the head inside my hole. I stiffened and awaited the pain as he slowly slipped inside me. My body was already railing with pleasure, my flesh parting to grant him access. I was so wet and could feel it with every movement of his dick.

He pushed a little deeper, and I bit down into my lips as my flesh tore, and he gained access inside me. He was right; there was pain, but not as much as I had expected. Just a slight sting and a bit of tenderness that slowly began to fade as Logan pushed inside me a little further. But then he paused, and I could feel my insides familiarizing itself with the sweet intrusion.

“Are you okay?” he asked me, his forehead slightly wrinkled with worry.

“Yes, I’m great,” I said as I reached for him and kissed his addicting lips. His manhood slipped deeper, and I moaned, feeling so stretched with his length inside me. I made an effort to spread my legs a little further while he went deeper and deeper.

I was on the verge of tears with how glorious he felt inside me. This surpassed the oral sex and the fingering. It was like he was filling me with a missing piece I had not known existed until now. The further he went, the more it felt like I was going to pass out from the sheer bliss.

“Do you like what I’m doing to you, beautiful?” he asked me as he slowly began to push back and forth inside me with half his length yet to feel the insides of my vagina.

My walls hugged him, and I could feel myself seep with more juices, making Logan’s movements even more fluid. He was hard and huge, but I was getting used to it with each stroke – used to the bigness that stretched me to the limit. His stroking my flesh echoed in the room – my wetness against his hardness. It was a sound I knew would stick with me for a lifetime – the sound of our bodies becoming one. I couldn’t get enough of it; I couldn’t get enough of Logan and how the room carried his scent, branding it to memory.

He sunk deeper, deeper than he had ever been, and I gasped as my walls clamped down on him. He increased his pace, and each stroke made me spiral more and more out of control.

“More,” I found myself saying, curling my legs around his hips as I urged him further. Logan obliged and sunk his whole length inside me. I immediately started to shudder, clamping down on him when he stroked something inside me. It immediately set me off, and I found myself experiencing my first orgasm via penetration.

Logan didn’t let up; he continued to thrust into me, his movements getting faster and faster as he slammed into me.

“You feel like heaven…fuck!” he exclaimed as he moved inside me, giving me orgasm after orgasm. Just when I thought I was recovering from one, there I was in another. My heart was full; there were no words to describe what was happening to my body as Logan went deep inside me, his girth stretching me further open as his steely cock raged inside me.

Chapter 4

Bella

"Oh, oh God. I-" He thrust into me sharply, cutting off my words, and I screamed as I latched onto him, feeling my eyes roll back into my head as he buried himself completely inside me.

"Is this what you want, Bella?"

"Oh, yes! Keep going… don't stop, please," I begged him. His muscles flexed as he went to town inside me, a single vein popping up at his neck, right through the tattoo. Sweat started to bead on his forehead, our skin already slippery from all the action. I was so wet that I could feel it trickling down my ass as Logan pumped into me. I knew I would be sore the following morning with how fast Logan was going, but I had no plans to tell him to stop. The pleasure with the slight pain was maddening. I didn't know what to focus on- I just knew I was on cloud nine, my body begging for release yet again. His hand found my breast, and he pinched a nipple, setting me off as I screamed and clamped around him.

Logan released a guttural moan and bucked, thrusting deep within me a few more times before pulling out his cock and spraying his cum across my stomach and pussy. I was writhing beneath him as I collected every warm drop while basking in my own orgasm. My pussy clenched, but it gripped onto nothing, and I suddenly missed the feeling of him inside me.

I looked up at him as he juiced the last bits from his penis and smiled down at me. "You're mine now Bella, as much as I am yours."

My heart fluttered in my chest with the happiness that seemed to overwhelm me. "Yes." Despite having the most amazing orgasm of my life, I found myself wanting more and more of Logan – I couldn't get enough. He laid on his back, his cock still hard and throbbing as he tried to catch his breath.

My gaze drank in every glorious inch of him, and I couldn't help but wish this moment lasted forever. My exhaustion ran deep, but I still needed this man inside me for a moment longer.

I eased up from the bed, reached for his still-hard cock and straddled him. Logan looked surprised, but he didn't say anything. Instead, he just lay there and accepted his fate. I impaled myself with his length and flinched when his manhood rubbed against the tenderness caused by my broken hymen. I didn't stop; I continued to slide down on him until I had all of him inside me as hard as it was to

do. In this position, he felt even bigger, and I felt fuller. There was a slight bit of discomfort, but then I started to roll my hips against him. He felt like he was in my stomach, and I felt like I was going to cum as his manhood rubbed against my g-spots. His cum rolled down my insides and settled at the base on his cock as I rode him. Logan held my hips and eased up, crashing his mouth against mine.

"Fuck, you're incredible," he said as he wrapped one hand around me and used the other to squeeze one of my tits. I started to thrust into him while he did the same. The heat grew between our bodies, his hands slick against my sweaty one as he fucked me. I latched my hand around his neck and gave my all while Logan did the same. We were both burning up – I could feel the heat radiating off Logan as we made love. His eyes were on my lips, and as if he was unable to help himself, he kissed me hard while we continued with our thrusting. At that point, I was done for. Logan's mouth and length were a combination I wasn't strong enough to hold back on. I shattered on him, squeezing him hard as my orgasm took its course. He quickly pulled back, slipped from inside me and showered my stomach with another load of cum.

I collapsed on the bed, exhausted and completely satisfied, finding it hard to believe that I was lucky enough to find the man of my dreams in one night. When he wrapped me in his arms and held me close, I had no reason to believe Logan wasn't my forever man. I cuddled up to him, so close to saying, 'I love you.' I knew it wouldn't probably freak him out as much as it did me, and so I decided not to. Maybe I was still fuzzy from the sex, anyway – I didn't want to jump the gun, but I couldn't ignore what was so clear to my heart.

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My eyes fluttered open, a smile immediately blooming on my face as images of last night flashed through my head. The soft light coming from the closed curtains told me it was morning, and I had spent the night with Logan, having sex every chance we got.

Without even moving, I could feel the soreness between my legs – a sweet dull ache that made me want a repeat of the night before. I turned to Logan and realized he was still sleeping – one heavy hand thrown over my waist as he held me in place. I smiled as I stared down at his face – now completely relaxed and seemingly taking years off him. He seemed even more beautiful in sleep – hair all ruffled, his stubble a bit longer, giving him a rugged look and lashes any girl would envy.

I wanted to stay by his side, but I badly wanted to pee, so I

gently pried his hands off me and shuffled from the bed. The ache grew more intense as I moved, and I almost moaned aloud. I glanced at the bedside table where both our phones were and picked up mine – wanting to assure Dian that I was fine – great actually.

Multiple texts were on the phone, and I started to blush as I read them.

It's just dawning on me …

I can't believe you are no longer a virgin.

OMG, text me back Asap, I need to know the details, and I need to know that you are fine!

Damn, girl, it's almost nine. Sleeping in? Was it that good?

Call meee!

I covered my mouth to hide a giggle and was about to head to the bathroom when Logan's phone buzzed. I knew I had no business looking, but I couldn't help it. My brows furrowed as I read the name on the screen; Jenny. My brain began to race as I tried to figure out who Jenny was. It was probably a friend, his sister? His mom? The possibilities were endless, right? And yet I couldn't help the wrenching feeling in my gut. I hadn't even bothered to ask Logan if he had a wife or a girlfriend. What if that was who was calling? But that couldn't be possible; he had said he wanted more than just one night. If he had a girlfriend, then –

A text came in, and I paused in my tracks as the phone lit up and I viewed what was written on the notification bar.

Babe, pick up the phone. I really need to talk to you.

I miss you, came another.

I paused, feeling the blood drain from my face as I read what was on screen. My head started to spin, and I had to steady myself to keep myself from falling. My throat began to burn, and soon my eyes did the same as I glanced back at Logan on the bed and reflected on last night.

Had he been lying to me to get me in bed? To make me feel good before he fucked me? Tears trailed down my face as I tried to fathom the idea as reality. He said I was his, and he was mine, but clearly, he hadn't meant a word of it. I was just the virgin he wanted to fuck to add to the notch on his bedpost. He meant none of it – clearly.

The phone buzzed again, and I almost jumped out of my skin. Another text popped up, which sealed the deal for me.

I love you.

More tears tumbled down my face. How could I be so fricking stupid to believe a guy like Logan was single or wanted just one woman? He was a cheater, and a liar, and that feeling of regret started to build inside me like a tsunami threatening to flood me. I was so stupid – so fricking stupid. He was a player who would have said anything to get me in bed. I should have known that. I should have.

I stumbled across the room and blindly searched for my clothes as tears fogged my eyes. As much as I was in a hurry to leave, I knew I had to be quiet. I didn't want to confront him about it; I didn't want to see his face – I just wanted to go home. I hastily pulled on my clothes, not caring if I looked like I just walked out of an alley, and ran for the door. When I reached the outside, I choked a sob and tried to hail down a cab – feeling totally destroyed.

Just my luck. Just when I decided take on life by the balls, as Dian would put it, it turned out to be a complete shit show.

The man of my dreams had turned out to be a fricking nightmare.

Chapter 5

Logan

It had been over a month, yet I had not been fortunate enough to find Bella. I returned to the club where we had met, hoping to see her there again, but there was no trace of her or her friend. I regret not asking her surname on the very first night, but I had been so confident in seeing her again that it had never crossed my mind to find out then. I thought we had a lifetime, but apparently, it was just a couple of hours.

She left without a word, fleeing my bed like Goldilocks. For weeks I had tried to figure out the reason and came up blank each time. I hadn't seen it coming – our chemistry was off the charts, and I genuinely thought it'd be for more than just a night. But maybe I was the one kidding myself. Maybe she lied about all that we had that night. The thought of it made my blood boil – the not knowing. She was mine, and I didn't need a lifetime to know that. I knew it as soon as I saw her, as soon as we touched, as soon as we talked.

The trouble now was finding where the hell she was. I had never met a woman like her – never met a woman capable of making me feel so much. It was otherworldly. She was rare, and she belonged to me. I believed we'd meet again in due time, but until then, every passing day was agony.

I wanted her plain and simple. Not just for her innocent touches or her good pussy. I wanted her for the rest of my life. Maybe I was pussy whipped, but nothing had ever been clear as much as this was. Bella was my woman and my woman only.

As hard as her leaving was for me to accept, I had to admit the days leading up to today weren't so bad. I was finally getting a shot at my dream job after succumbing to an injury in the past that had prevented me from going pro.

Two days ago, the administration at Westgate University called and asked if I was willing to coach the football team because their head coach had an accident and was in a pretty bad condition. I applied years ago but to no avail. I thought it was a no-go, so imagine my surprise when I received the phone call that was about to change my life. It wasn't permanent – I knew as much, but this could potentially open doors for me, and that was what I wanted. If I could lead the team to victory this season, people would be knocking at my door, wanting me to be part of their team.

The idea excited me. It was great to have that sense of passion back into my life, and I knew that I couldn't blow it. I only wished I had a woman like Bella at my side through all of this – someone I could come home to, tell about how my day went, someone that I could spoil and give the world while all she had to offer was herself. Even the thought of her was enough to get me hard. Her beautiful face, and her big brown eyes that had gone through a series of emotions as I made love to her. Fuck, no other could compare. I've had my fair share of women throughout my life and none held a candle to the petite little virgin who had rocked my world harder than one could imagine.

I couldn't get her out of my thoughts, my nights were plagued with images of her, leaving me needy, but I had no other woman to turn to. I couldn't dare touch someone else after her, even if I was dying to do so. I wanted her and her alone, so on countless nights, I had gripped my cock, wishing it was her until I had the release that would give me temporary relief.

I smoothed the lapels on my jacket and grabbed my keys from the table before I stepped out and into my Prius. I only hoped today would be a good one.

***

I stepped out and inhaled the crisp air as I stared at the plain brown building with its huge lawn littered with students. I couldn't help the smile that tipped at my lips. It was good to be back at my alma mater – the place which developed my love for football. It was just a pity how it ended. Nevertheless, it was great to return to the place that had groomed me to become the person I am today.

I adjusted my jacket and headed to the Principal's office, where I had a short discussion regarding my position and what was required of me. Typical employee/employer stuff. I knocked and entered to find Principal Cole seated around his huge desk while another man sat before him in one of the chairs at the front.

"Mr. Taylor, right on time. Great," Cole said as he stood with an outstretched hand.

I approached him and shook his hand. "This is assistant coach Steve Barkley," he said as he gestured to the other man that stood with a smile on his aging face. "Steve here will get you acquainted with the team and tell you all you need to know to get you comfortable."

I turned to Steve, who had a proud smile on his face.

“Hey man, nice to meet you,” I said as I shook his hand as well.

“The pleasure is all mine. I was a big fan of yours back in the day. You were a beast,” he said as he slowly shook his head and took in my form. "Pity what happened, y’know.”

I shrugged. “Yeah, it is what it is. Shit happens,” I said as I turned to Cole, who watched the interaction. “Speaking of, I’m very sorry to hear about what happened to Coach Peters.”

Cole nodded, a remorseful expression on his face. “Yeah, very unfortunate. He’s doing pretty well, though – should be fully recovered in a few months,” he said as he sat. “Until that time, I want you to make Westgate proud. Lead our team to victory, as you have seen many times. I’m confident that you will, Taylor.”

I nodded firmly. “Yes, sir.”

Barkley sat back in his chair and rested his ankle on his knee. “We have a great team this year. And we are blessed by the likes of our star player and captain, Jace Bradford. Kid’s a real-life prodigy,” Barkley said with enthusiasm evident in his voice.

“Yeah, the kid is great, but his academics aren’t the best,” Principal Cole put in.

“Yeah, well, you can’t have it all, can you?” he chuckled. “You’re gonna have to keep an eye out for that one. He has real talent but can get pretty wrapped up in all the attention he’s been getting lately. The guy is a chick magnet,” he snickered.

Principal Cole raised a brow and turned his attention back to me. “Well, it’s definitely great to have you back, Logan. I expect nothing but great things from you.”

I smiled. “Thank you, sir, for the opportunity. I’ll definitely put my best foot forward.”

“I expect nothing less.”

***

Half an hour later, I made myself comfortable in the small office assigned to me. The stacks of paper on the table were all Peters' stuff. The framed photos on the walls of him and the players – it was all him, and from the looks of it, he had a good relationship with the guys that would seem impossible to top. But I wasn’t here to make friends, was I? I was here to do the job to the best of my abilities, so by the end of it, I got a sparkling recommendation or a permanent

spot. It was game time, and I had to develop an excellent game plan to guarantee my success.

As I skimmed through the documents, I realized Peters must have been great at it. His tactics were awesome, but I had to have my own play – something more solid. I skimmed through the student files, trying to know everyone on paper before I actually met them face-to-face later this evening. My attention lingered on the talk of the town for a second – the supposed prodigy in all of this. Jace Bradford. Apparently, he was the key to most of the wins last season, and quite frankly, I was a bit eager to meet him.

I eased back into the chair with my hands propped at the back of my head. I couldn't get the woman of my dreams, but I had my dream job right in front of me, and I couldn't allow anything to get in the way of that.

Chapter 6

Bella

The only thing that could get my mind off what happened this summer was my books. I had been knee-deep in my studies, desperate to think about something else apart from Logan and that entire night. But no matter how hard I tried and how hard I worked, he was still there. Every waking morning, every night – the memories were constant. There was nothing else to do but go back to my comfort zone. I wasn't as lucky as the others who had taken risks and had left unscathed.

The one time I decided to be a bit rebellious, it backfired in my face. So I was back to square one, except I had kept the new clothes. It had hurt like hell – even now, more than a month later. The hurt was still ripe, the deceit, the lies. Even now as I reflected on it, my stomach churned, and tears threatened to spill from my eyes. I didn't know when I would get over it. I had truly thought that Logan was the man for me. He was a fricking stranger whom I knew nothing about, but in the moment, it didn't matter because, as he said, it would be more than one night with us. All lies. And I had been foolish enough to believe.

I was a straight-A student who knew my way around anything, and yet I had not seen through the façade this man presented. I had truly felt like I was in love with the man, even more so when he made love to me. It was bliss, but sometimes I wished it hadn't been that great. Maybe it would be easier to get over him then, but it was hard to get over someone as beautiful as Logan, someone so skilled in bed, someone who made me believe that anything was possible at the time.

The hardest part was, now that I was no longer a virgin, I craved him more than anything. Some nights were reckless when all I could think about was someone I couldn't have. I wanted him inside me and all over me. It was that bad. It was a craving that ate at me and made me feel like I was losing my mind at times.

But I blamed myself. I shouldn't have hooked up with someone at a damned club. He was fire and desire, and that alone should have been a big red flag for me.

I was possibly the hot topic among his friends – the virgin he had picked up and made a fool of. I had begged him to have me; I had called his name endlessly as he made love to me. That had probably boosted his ego – a decoration to add to his rather large bedpost he shared with his girlfriend at night. Damn cheater!

“Christ!” I snapped, slamming the book shut and covering my eyes as tears streamed down my face.

My roomie and best friend, Dian, immediately perched up on her bed and stared at me. “Hey, is everything okay?” she asked from the other end of the room.

I sniffed and used the back of my hand to wipe my eyes. “Yeah,” I croaked, but she wasn’t too convinced. She immediately got up and walked towards me, sitting at the edge of the bed.

“Hey, talk to me.”

“It’s Logan. I just can’t fricking get him out of my damn head!” I exclaimed, raking my hand through my hair.

She nodded understandably. After finding out Logan had a whole other woman, I ran to my best friend for comfort, telling her everything that happened, although it had been embarrassing even to say out loud. Dian had been there to collect every single tear and assure me that everything would be fine.

She rubbed my leg and stared at me. “The first is usually the hardest to get over with anyone. What you’re going through is normal, Bells; it will hurt for a while, but I promise it gets better.”

I cleared my throat and swallowed. “I was just so… entranced, y’know. He was perfect, he made me feel perfect, and I swear it was that love at first sight type of thing – I’m not even kidding,” I said as I dropped my gaze to the bed, embarrassed.

“Good sex will make you feel like that –”

“You don’t understand,” I said, cutting her off. “I felt the sparks; my whole body was alert with a single touch. I couldn’t explain it, but it was different, and I knew there was something there. I –” I trailed off and shook my head.

“Arousal will make you feel like that, and I understand because Logan is actually really pretty hot.”

I rolled my eyes. “You don’t understand what I’m saying. It was like I had found my soulmate.”

Dian sighed. “I’m trying to understand you, but at the same time, I’m letting you know that attraction can do that sort of stuff. This asshole isn’t your soulmate, Bells. You only felt that way because you wanted him, and he wanted you. It might have been perfect in the moment, but I bet even if things didn’t turn out the way it did, and you actually gave a relationship a shot, it probably wouldn’t work,” she shrugged.

I sighed. “You’re probably right. I just felt so lucky, y’know. It

was almost like a dream."

Dian patted me on the legs. "Come on, no more moping around and allowing that asshole to fuck with your headspace. It's time to get over him and under another dick."

My mouth fell open as I gawked at her. "What?"

"Trust me; you will meet someone way better than Logan. You just have to give it a chance…"

I sighed. "Dian, I don't want someone better – I don't want anyone. Not now, anyway."

"I know, but do you remember Jace, whom we met summer?" she asked, and without waiting for a reply, she continued. "He's been asking about you ever since, and because of the whole Logan thing, I figured I would give you some time, but it's been over a month now, Bells; you need to get back out there," she said.

"What's the rush?" I snapped. "I did most of what you asked, and it turned out to be a fricking shit show, so stop. Maybe your advice isn't the best, Dian," I exclaimed before I flopped back down on the bed and turned my back to her.

She didn't say a word after, which was unlike her, and I immediately felt guilty. I knew she only wanted to see me happy, but it all felt too overwhelming. I just wanted to wallow in my self-pity and continue to miss the man I couldn't have. Logan was still a constant on my mind, and I didn't want to get involved with anyone else until this feeling passed. But maybe Dian was right; maybe all I needed was to distract myself with someone else in order to heal. But was that even fair to the new person? I sighed as I curled up into the bed and gave it more thought.

It was obvious that Logan wasn't the man for me, no matter what I had felt at the time. Maybe all this pining and sadness was blocking my path to who was actually right for me. I knew it wasn't Jace – I had felt nothing for him despite his good looks and charm, and could I even see myself with someone so popular and… outgoing? I was the complete opposite who didn't want the attention. I couldn't be the quarterback's girlfriend. The mere thought was ridiculous. People would think so less of me, as I'd seen a million times over. I didn't have groupie energy or any energy at all for that kind of lifestyle. What did Jace even see in me, anyway? A part of me wanted to know that because it was possibly the biggest mystery in history.

He could be with anyone he wanted on campus – girls way hotter than me, and here he was, gunning for the nerd. Or was it that he wanted someone else on the side? My brain couldn't stop working

with questions I didn't have the slightest idea of the answers.

There was this five percent inside me that wanted to damn it all to hell and be as spontaneous as I had been at the club with Logan, but then the majority didn't want me taking such risks again, only to lick my wounds and cry in the end. Dian often bragged that this was what the twenties were about. Dating, having fun, finding out what you wanted, having your heart broken… the list was endless. I didn't know if I wanted all that; I wanted to be like my parents, who found each other with one shot and have been in love ever since. Was that too much to ask for?

An idea suddenly came to me, and I rolled off the bed with my phone in hand as I headed toward the door. Dian was curled up in bed on her phone, watching me through the corners of her eyes, but she didn't say a word. I made my way out and began to walk down the narrow passage as I dialed my mom's number.

"Hey, sweetheart," her voice came, immediately putting a smile on my face.

"Hey, Mom, are you busy?" I asked as I made my way outside.

"No, we just had dinner. Your father is taking a shower, and I'm chilling on the porch," she chuckled. "Is everything okay?"

"I er – I actually need your advice with something…" I said, biting my lips.

"Of course, hon; what is it?"

I cleared my throat and hugged myself as I continued to walk. "So, I've been giving the dating thing a shot, and I thought I found the right guy, but it turns out he wasn't, so now I'm scared to put myself out there again," I confessed.

"Oh, honey, you never told me you were dating," she said softly, a little disappointment in her voice.

"I- It was nothing serious, I guess."

There was a brief pause. "Okay, well, I'm happy regardless. Not everyone finds Mr. Right right away honey-"

"I guess I just wanted to have what you and Dad have," I murmured.

"Listen, I kissed a lot of frogs before I found my prince charming," she laughed.

"I thought Dad was your first," I said, a bit confused.

"He was my first love and my first lover, but I dated people before him; I just didn't have sex with them," she clarified, and I immediately prayed the ground would swallow me up right at that

very moment. I went and had sex with a guy I thought was the one, so there was no way I could have what my mom had. I'd already made the biggest mistake of my life in that regard.

"Bella?" my mom's voice came, pulling me from my thoughts.

I cleared my throat. "Yes, Mom, I'm here."

"Yes, so all I'm saying is you will find your person. It doesn't necessarily have to be on your first attempt or even second, but you will find someone who will love and cherish you for the person you are. There's no race; there's no timeline on it. You just have to be open to the idea."

I finally stopped outside our dorms, the chill night air reminding me I should have brought a sweater with me. "Thanks, Mom, I appreciate it."

"Don't mention it, and honey, if you need to talk more about these kinds of things, I'm here," she said, and I just knew she was smiling. That was the kind of person my mom was. Always proud of every step I took in life.

"I'll keep that in mind, Mom," I said as I leaned against the exposed brick building. "I'll talk to you later. Tell Dad hello for me."

"Will do, sweetheart. Goodnight. I love you."

"I love you too, Mom," I said before I hung up and mustered a sigh. Talking to my mom always did the trick, but after this conversation, I was still left a little confused. Should I put myself out there again now or later, was the big question. Maybe I should sleep on it, I thought as I turned to make my way back up, but then I almost froze when I spotted Jace moving toward me with a smile on his face. I wished he hadn't seen me, then maybe I could escape before he actually did, but he was staring right at me, his intentions clear.

I managed a smile and glanced down at my sweats and the large T-shirt I had stolen from my dad last summer. From laying down for almost the entire day, I knew my hair was tousled, my face bare, and I probably looked like Friday the 13th. Jace approached; his hair had grown a little bit more since I'd last seen him in summer. It was faded at the sides and neatly combed back at the top, a single lock of hair falling to his forehead. He wore the University's jacket and jeans that were impressively not clinging to him like a second skin. I never liked that.

The closer he came, the more I realized why girls made such a fuss about him. He was very attractive and confident enough to know it was a quality people were amazed by. But he didn't make my heart skip a beat – I felt nothing like I had felt for Logan from a single

glance. Though he was good-looking, Logan was more attractive in a more masculine, rugged type of way. They were probably the same height, but the muscles on Logan were what I knew guys like Jace prayed to have on a daily.

"Bella, hey," he said as he stopped before me, pearly whites on full display, and honestly, I was expecting the dramatic sparkle that toothpaste commercials often included.

"Hey, Jace."

"How are you?" he asked.

"I'm great, you?" I asked, clearing my throat and hugging my shoulders.

"Yeah, I'm good. I was expecting to see more of you in the summer, but you guys were nowhere in sight."

"Yeah, we were pretty busy."

He nodded slowly, his eyes slowly taking note of me, making me a little self-conscious. "You look great, by the way."

"Thanks."

He licked his lips and raked his fingers through his hair, slightly spiking it up. "So I don't know if Dian mentioned anything to you, but I'd really like to get together sometime. Go on a date, maybe?" He shrugged, "Anything really; I'd just like a chance with you."

My heart started thudding in my chest, and it wasn't because Jace had that effect on me; it was because I couldn't believe this was actually happening now. It would have been easy to tell Dian no when she had asked, but here Jace was, looking like an eager puppy with a vulnerability I didn't even know existed until now. Was this player tactic, or did he really want a chance with me?

My mouth opened up, but I couldn't find the right words to say. That five percent of rebellion was fighting hard.

"One date, and if you don't like it, I'll accept and leave you alone," he said as he raised a challenging brow, waiting for me to reply.

I licked across my lips. "Okay, one date."

A broad smile immediately bloomed on his face. "Great, how about this weekend.? I could pick you up at around five?"

"Yeah, sounds great."

He was grinning. "Perfect; do you mind if we exchange numbers?" he said while fishing out his phone from his pocket.

"Sure," I said as I unlocked mine and handed it to him while he

did the same. “Well, I’d better get back up; I’ll see you then, Jace,” I smiled as I handed him back his phone.

He smiled with a nod. “Can’t wait.”

I made my way back up to my room, feeling some trepidation for actually agreeing to a date with Jace. In the moment, it would have been hard to say no to his face, so I was allowing this date to happen because, as he had said, if I didn’t like it, it didn’t have to go further. I was sure that I wouldn’t. I could already see myself seated in a pizza shack while Jace spoke solely about himself and his career. That was the type of thing guys like him did – egotistical and wrapped up in their own selves.

Once I returned to the room, I contemplated telling Dian about what transpired, feeling even more guilty for snapping at her earlier, especially now that I had done the same thing she was drilling me about. She was still on her phone but looked up at me as I entered. I could tell she wanted to know where I had been, but she didn’t dare ask. I paused in front of her bed and fiddled with my fingers.

“I bumped into Jace,” I said, and she immediately perked up, putting her phone down. “He asked me on a date.”

Her eyes brightened enough to light a dark room. “What did you say?” she asked.

“I said yes, but we agreed that if I didn’t enjoy it, it wouldn’t go any further,” I shrugged.

Dian was grinning. “And you think you’ll get off the hook on date one? I don’t know, Bells; Jace is a pretty nice guy. He might surprise you,” she said as she perked up a brow.

I sighed and flopped beside her on the bed. “I don’t want him to. I still can’t stop thinking about Logan,” I sighed.

She shuffled closer to me. “And I get that, but it’s not like Logan is gonna magically appear and redeem himself. He was good for a night – you can still be grateful for the experience.”

I stared at the blank ceiling as thoughts rushed through my head. I didn’t want to be grateful for an experience that didn’t amount to anything. I always said, if I didn’t see a future with someone, what sense did it make to lose my body to them? Still, I had to admit, the feeling was bittersweet where Logan was concerned. On the one hand, I hated how it ended, but on the other, I loved how it started.

I couldn’t believe my life had gotten so messy in a matter of weeks.

Chapter 7

Logan

With each passing day, the excruciating need to be with Bella became more torturous. The meek virgin had managed to occupy every second of my thoughts to the point where I considered having a private investigator look for her. But what did I even have to go off on either; all I knew was her first name and nothing else. I didn't know anything else about her apart from her body, and that couldn't exactly go into someone's search engine.

I didn't want her just to be some girl I met at a bar; I wanted her to be my woman in every way possible. I wanted it all with her, but at the same time, I had to question her reasons for fleeing. In my head, it didn't make any sense. That night, we had shared so much – were so mutual in our feelings – and the next day, she was gone. Maybe she had decided she couldn't be my woman – that she couldn't commit to anyone. I'd understand that better if she wasn't a virgin – but she was. That had been as clear as day. I had been inside her, felt as I breached her hymen and as she gripped me in the moment of pain. I had seen the evidence, seen it in her eyes and spent hours stretching her inexperienced flesh. There was no denying that part, but her leaving without a word was a mystery that boggled my mind with each passing day. Truth was, I wasn't going to accept it. There had to be a reason, and I wouldn't stop until I found out what it was.

My phone shrilled, bringing me from my thoughts. I looked at the caller ID and almost rolled my eyes when I saw who it was. I had half a mind to answer it – in fact, I should have blocked the caller a long time ago, but it never occurred to me until now.

"What do you want?" I asked, reaching into the refrigerator to grab a beer.

"No need to be like that; can we talk?"

"We have nothing to talk about, Jenny. Enjoy the rest of your night," I said, hanging up out of spite and pure despise for the woman.

No sooner than I did that, I heard a knock on the door. Sighing, I moved toward the front door. All I wanted was an evening to unwind, prepare myself for tomorrow and stroke myself to thoughts of Bella until I was satisfied and exhausted enough to fall asleep. I opened the door and muttered a curse, standing face to face with the woman who had just been on the phone with me.

"You've got to be fucking kidding," I hissed as I stared at her.

“I knew you wouldn’t want to talk on the phone, but I really need to talk to you, Logan,” she said as she pushed past me and entered the house without another word.

I huffed a breath, closed the door and followed behind her to the living room, where she dropped her bag and sat.

“You’ve got a minute, and then I’m kicking you out,” I said as I stood before her, arms crossed.

She tucked her brown hair behind her ears and pursed her lips. “I made a mistake,” she blurted.

I scoffed. “With what?”

She swallowed and met my eyes. “Leaving you.”

I couldn’t help my chuckle. “You’ve been saying that for two months now, and I've been telling you, no matter what you fucking say, nothing will change. I’m done with you, Jenny. Get that through your head,” I exclaimed, feeling the anger rise within me.

She bounded from her chair, now standing. “Why? I’ve been begging you for the past two months, and it’s like it has meant nothing to you,” she said, her voice cracking a little.

“It doesn’t. You made your choice when you left this relationship searching for greener pastures. You can’t come running back just because it didn’t suit you.”

Her green eyes glistened. “Logan, please, I’m so very sorry. I wasn’t thinking straight, I-”

“You fucked someone else for months during our relationship and left me for him. Don’t give me crap about not thinking straight,” I hissed, and she paled as she hung her head.

I knew this move too well – knew Jenny too well to know exactly what this was. She sniffled and played with her fingers, and in the next instant, her tears were falling to the floor. As expected.

“What do you want?” I asked, irritated by the overplayed antics.

She lifted her glossy eyes to me, and any man who didn’t know the type of woman she was would fall for it in a heartbeat. But not me – not again. The big, bright puppy dog eyes wouldn’t work on me again.

“I want another chance,” she said. “I want you back, Logan.”

“Why?” I asked her, and she hesitated with a reply. I knew that whatever sob story she came up with would be a lie. Truth was, after living the lavish lifestyle with someone else, she either revealed her true colors or had become boring. Jenny wasn’t spontaneous, but she was greedy and had the looks to appease any man for a while.

I had been so caught up in her good looks and her sex appeal that I was blinded to what was really in front of me. Luckily for me, I hadn't married her before finding out all this.

"I missed you," she finally said, and I wondered how deep she actually had to dig for that one. "I missed us, Logie." Here with the ridiculous nickname that I had found cute a long time ago. She approached me and trailed her fingers down my chest. I expected to feel something because as much as I disliked the woman, she had always managed to make my cock stand for her. But surprisingly, that wasn't the effect she had on me now. My skin crawled at her touch – I couldn't bear the thought of another woman touching me apart from Bella. It felt wrong. Jenny paled so much in comparison in many ways to Bella that I hadn't realized until now.

I reached for her hands and dropped them at her sides. Her eyes widened, and I could see a bit of confusion there, which was expected, seeing that I could never resist her when she was this near, this daring.

"Why are you being like this?" she asked, "Is there someone else?" there was this dramatic look of horror in her eyes which was almost laughable.

I hesitated with her question. There was someone else who plagued my mind like a drug, but physically, there wasn't. How could I voice that aloud without sounding like a complete idiot?

"Yes," I said as she took a step back as if she had been slapped.

"Who? Where is she?"

"That's none of your business, Jenny. None of what I do anymore is your business," I said. "I gave you more than a minute, and now it's time for you to leave," I said, leaning my head towards the exit.

More tears started to stream down her face. "I won't stop until you're mine again, Logan. I won't give up so easily on us," she sniffed before she walked away and left the room. When the front door slammed, I scoffed and shook my head. It was obvious Jenny was delusional – in some fairy-tale land that I wanted no part of. If I hadn't met Bella, I didn't know how this conversation would have gone. I wondered if I would have conceded – forgiven everything and given her another shot. That was the type of person Jenny knew me to be, and I knew this rejection was probably strange to her, but there was no going back to her toxicity. I didn't even realize how alive I could feel in one night. How alive I continued to feel even after.

That was the Bella effect. Jenny was history.

Chapter 8

Bella

I skimmed through my closet, searching for something to wear while Dian hovered over me, her excitement almost tangible.

"Where exactly is he taking you again?" she asked as she assessed the clothes I had thrown on the floor.

"He wouldn't say, but he did say to keep it simple," I shrugged, pulling up a few bottoms. "Maybe I wasn't so wrong in the pizza shack theory after all," I murmured.

"Let's be a bit more positive, shall we?" Dian countered as she pulled out denim shorts. "How about this? Your legs are really nice and tempting."

I rolled my eyes. "The last thing I want to do is tempt him."

Dian laughed. "It wouldn't hurt. Or you could keep it girly?" she said as she wiggled her brows and held up a yellow dress with daisy prints. My mouth twisted as I gave it some thought.

"Hmm, maybe. But anyway, what do you plan on doing while I'm gone?" I asked, continuing with the task at hand.

Dian shrugged. "I might upload a new makeup tutorial to my YouTube or go chill with Matthew," she said, referring to her new boy toy.

"How's it been? You've been dating for a few weeks now," I said.

"He's okay, I guess. Good in bed, but that's about it."

I laughed. "So why are you still seeing him?" I asked.

"Didn't you hear the good in bed part? It's hard to find someone who can make your toes curl like that. I'm not ready to let him go just yet."

My stomach fluttered at Dian's words, and I couldn't help but think about Logan. He had been able to do that – more than that. The thing was, it wasn't just the sex with him; I'd wanted to know more about him, and the way we connected was more than just on a sexual level. But why was I thinking about him again when I should be getting ready to go on a date with another man? I should be thinking about Jace, but it all felt so wrong. For some crazy reason, my heart was only set on Logan, and anyone else felt like a threat. It was crazy – maybe this was the virgin attachment I'd heard about plenty of times. Maybe this was me finding it hard to get over the man I had

lost my virginity to. I had no clue, but maybe I would bring myself closer to finding the answers after this date with Jace.

We had texted, and I had found that he was a pretty decent guy with some humor up his sleeve, but I couldn't exactly use that to judge his character until I was face to face with him, observing every response and reaction.

Fifteen minutes later, I finally settled on the flowy daisy-printed dress and a jacket. It was fast approaching six in the afternoon, and I knew it would be a chilly night. I let my hair down, happy that I had decided to brighten the blonde highlights a few days ago. I put on minimal makeup, applied a few finishing touches and then I was ready to leave.

Dian was grinning from ear to ear, her hands clasped at her mouth as she stared at me with admiration. "I'm so proud. I can't believe you're going on a date with the most popular guy on campus," she shrieked.

I managed a tight smile. "Me neither."

She clapped her hands and hopped towards me, grabbing my shoulders. "It's gonna be great, I promise!"

"I hope so," I smiled.

"Have a good time, and I'll be here waiting for you to tell me all the juicy details when you get back!"

I snorted. "There won't be any 'juicy' details," I retorted as I grabbed my purse.

"Whatever; I'll be happy with any details. Have fun!" she exclaimed, kissing me on the cheeks and jumping in excitement.

"Thanks, Dian; I'll see you later," I said as I stepped out of the room and down the hall. Jace had texted about five minutes ago, saying he was out front. There was this feeling of nervousness inside me because although I had been with a man before, I'd never really been on a real date. This was my first in that regard, and quite frankly, I didn't know what to expect. I already dreaded the conversation – knowing I'd be too awkward to keep the conversation flowing. The idea that this would all turn out to be a complete shit show crossed my mind, filling me with trepidation.

I wanted to run back to my room and bury myself under the covers, but I had to remind myself I wasn't getting any younger and couldn't allow life to pass me by. I had to explore the playing field – find out what I liked and what I didn't like.

I spotted Jace in a red pickup, his hand resting on the open window while he smiled at me with his glistening white teeth. I

managed a smile as I moved closer to him. He pushed open the door and hopped out, moving to the passenger's side to open my door. But he paused in front of me, and my heart almost leaped out of my chest for some reason.

"You look beautiful," he said, that look of pride on his face.

"Thanks," I said, skimming over his pale jeans and navy blue sweater. "You don't look bad yourself."

He smiled and cranked the door further open. "After you," he said, and I stepped inside his pickup, which was fairly clean, but smelled a bit like worn socks barely masked by air freshener. Jace smelled nice, though – despite not hugging or anything remotely physical, I had smelled his cologne from a mile away. He was seemingly drenched in it, and it tickled my nose a bit.

He hopped back into the driver's side and turned to me. "So I was thinking maybe we could watch the sunset for a bit and then a picnic?" he said, blue eyes intense as he awaited an answer.

The whole pizza shack theory was still stuck in my head, and so I hadn't been expecting anything remotely close to what he was suggesting. "That sounds like a great idea."

He beamed at me before he started the engine, turned on the latest rap music and drove off.

"I'm really glad you decided to come, Bella. You have no idea how long I wanted to ask you out," he said, looking from the road to me.

"Really?"

"Yeah, I just didn't know how. I kinda hinted at it to Dian, but she never really picked up on it, I guess. When I saw you this summer, I knew I couldn't hold off any longer," he said, a smile curving his lips.

I bit my lips. "You don't seem like the type to be hesitant about such things."

He chuckled. "People constantly misjudge me, so I get it, but I'm not a stereotype. I'm not a loser, I'm not a dick, and I'm not a manwhore. That's where a lot of people go wrong."

"Well, I can't exactly take your word for it; I guess I'll just have to find out," I said, and Jace glanced at me and laughed.

"True. I guess so, Bella," he nodded, still smiling. "So how comes I've never seen you with anyone on campus?" he asked.

"Were you paying that much attention to me to realize?" I asked, brows raised.

“I have when I get the chance,” he admitted.

I fidgeted my fingers. “I’m not really an open book, Jace. I value my privacy,” I said, though there had been nothing to be private about. He was right. I was never seen with any guy on campus because there weren’t any. If I hadn’t been to that club and met Logan, Jace would have been the only guy I’d ever had a solid conversation with, except for my group partners in the past.

“I appreciate that. So if this date goes well, and we decide to give this dating thing a shot, would you mind the attention you would get when people see that we’re dating?” he asked, glancing at me.

I opened my mouth to answer but clamped it shut when I realized that answering would be harder than I had expected. Initially, this had been one of the first thoughts that had crossed my mind, but somewhere along the way, I had forgotten that part of putting myself out there with the school’s quarterback was allowing a thousand eyes to scrutinize, judge and draw a whole lot of conclusions. Was I ready for that? Shy me, who had tried to avoid male attention for almost all of my life? I didn’t have to answer that. I was still working it out in my head.

“Let’s just see where today takes us, and then I might be able to give you an answer,” I said, and Jace nodded.

“Fair enough.”

We continued the rest of the journey with light chatter until Jace parked on top of a hill that overlooked the city. I was in awe, but before I could fully appreciate it, he was jumping out and running around the other side to open my door. I wondered if this was even genuine chivalry, but I still appreciated the effort.

I stepped out and watched as he pulled down the tailgate of his pickup and hopped up in it. I hadn’t realized before, but there were a few things wrapped up in the back. Blankets, cushions, a basket. Jace pulled everything apart, laying out the blanket in the back before he picked out things from the basket and did the same. There was a variety of food – sandwiches, cookies, pies, fruits and candies that really had me just staring.

Once done, he smiled at me and reached for my hand. I took it, and he helped me up into the back of the van, facing the view of the city.

“Wow, Jace, this is amazing,” I said as I settled on a cushion beside him.

“I’m glad you like it. I don’t mean to brag, but I prepared everything myself,” he grinned, reaching for a bottle of wine.

"You're kidding!"

"Serious as a judge. My dad is a chef, so he has shown me the ropes ever since I was a kid.

I smiled. "I don't even know what to choose!"

He laughed. "You can try the chicken salad sandwich; it's one of my faves. Always puts me in a good mood."

"Ok, here goes," I said as I unwrapped it from the clear foil and took a bite. I closed my eyes as the flavors burst in my mouth and opened them to find Jace grinning at me, eyes trained on my lips.

"Mmm, this is really good," I said, my mouth full.

He licked his lips. "Thanks; I always said that if football doesn't work out, I have this to bounce back on," he laughed. "My dad would prefer that any day as well."

My brows shot up as I swallowed. "Really?"

"Yeah, he has this plan for us to start our own little restaurant once I graduate. It was really my uncle who got me into the whole football thing."

I nodded as I looked at him, trying to read him. "So which do you prefer?"

"I like both equally. Football is like an outlet, but cooking really brings me peace, so I might just do football for a couple of years and then be a chef for the rest of my life," he shrugged.

I nodded as I took another bite. "You could."

He started to eat too. "So what about you? What are you studying?"

"Finances."

"Wow, you must really like math."

I laughed. "I do."

We continued to chat while the sunset became more beautiful – a vibrant mix of orange, pink and yellow that was possibly the most beautiful thing I had ever seen.

"Sunsets in LA are really the most beautiful," I said, glancing at Jace.

"So true. I can't decide which is more beautiful, you or it," he said, and I turned to him, trapped by the look in his eyes. They had darkened, and his eyes were on my lips as a barrage of thoughts seemingly rushed through his mind. I knew he wanted to kiss me, and I weighed the idea in my mind for a brief second, wondering if his lips would be as soft and welcoming as Logan's - as sweet. A part of me

wanted to test the waters, to explore something new in an attempt to rid my memory of Logan. That feeling of need roamed through me like a wild animal as I thought back to the seemingly endless nights of missing Logan and wanting him by my side again. I craved the feeling – wanted to have it again, but this was Jace, and there was no fire between us, no matter how smoothly the conversations went or how easily he had managed to make me laugh. With Logan, it had been instant – one look, and I knew I wanted him more than anything. It had me considering if that was a once in a lifetime occurrence for me or if I would live to experience that feeling again.

But Jace was leaning in, ready to take the next step with me while my heart beat a mile a second, trying to decide if this was actually what I wanted. But his mouth was on mine in the next instant. His lips were soft and welcoming as he probed within my mouth with his hand and latched on to my waist to pull me closer. I decided to give in to whatever this was without any restraint. I didn't hold back and instead allowed whatever to happen, happen. I kissed him back, desperate to feel something – anything, not knowing that while I was doing that, I was urging on Jace even more. He moaned against my mouth and pulled me even closer to him – placing me in an uncomfortable position that he didn't seem aware of.

His warm tongue explored the contours of my mouth, sliding against my teeth in an almost sloppy manner while his hands ran up my back. I was still desperately wanting to feel that passion – that need that seemed to make me go all mushy, but all I could ever feel was pleasant. Just a pleasant kiss that did nothing but exercise my tongue.

But the longer he kissed me, I realized there was this need within me, but it wasn't for Jace. It was for the man I couldn't have. Here I was, wishing it was Logan kissing me, that it was his body pressed against me – that this was us. My core tightened at the idea; I could feel the liquid heat boiling inside my body at the prospect of Logan. I wanted him so badly and was desperate enough to use Jace to have my way.

I found myself kissing him back hard, clinging onto him while I envisioned Logan in his position. I was burning up – wanting something that would clear my mind even for a second. I reached for Jace's buckle, and he tore apart to look at me with wide eyes.

"Are you sure?" he asked me between breaths.

"Yes, Jace, I'm sure," I said as I fumbled with his pants.

His mouth crashed into mine again while he clumsily tried to get his pants off in the same breath. At this point, I was burning up

despite the wind that passed between us. We broke apart for another second, Jace taking off his pants while I slipped off my panties. For a brief second, he slipped around into the truck and came back with a condom which he easily slipped on his length. I couldn't think straight. I just wanted a repeat of what happened with Logan.

Jace was naked from the bottom half down, his sweater still on, his manhood dangling between us as he hovered over me. It wasn't as astounding as Logan's had been. It was long and slender. I spread my legs, and he kissed me again, harder this time as he lowered himself on me. Jace guided his penis to my flesh, and I moaned when the hard tip touched my sensitive skin. There was no foreplay, thereafter, no teasing. He just drove his length inside me, and I stiffened, realizing I had not been completely aroused. There was a bit of discomfort, but I didn't voice my thoughts, and Jace didn't ask.

"Fuck, you're so tight!" he said between clenched teeth, his face at my neck, and he shoved himself further. Half his weight was on me as he thrust back and forth quickly. As much as I tried to envision this was Logan, this experience couldn't create such an illusion. As I stared into the darkening sky, I only prayed this experience would be over, but it ended way quicker than expected. A couple of seconds later, Jace started to fuck me a little faster, and I knew I would be sore when it ended. He didn't stop as he sunk me deeper and deeper into the hard van. He then grunted like he was in pain, stiffened and filled the condom with his seed.

I sighed, swallowed back the tears and waited for him to get off me. When he finally did, he had a smile on his face while sweat beaded his forehead.

"I swear, you're amazing, Bella," he said as he reached for his discarded clothes. I managed a tight smile and pushed my dress down over my private area, wishing it had stayed private.

That should have been enough to cancel any ideas of a second date, but I had been foolish enough to have sex on the first date. I had to see it through, hoping things would get better. I couldn't have two bodies that meant nothing in less than two months. So later that night when we drove back to campus, Jace asked me how it went.

I smiled. "Great, I was really impressed by all you did, Jace." *Except for the sex*, I was tempted to say but held my tongue.

He grinned. "Good, because I didn't want just one date from you, Bella. In fact, today went better than I had planned. Us making love was just the icing on the top."

I wanted to cringe; I wanted to cry, I wanted to bury myself to rid myself of this embarrassment, but there was nowhere to run.

"Now that you've seen my culinary skills, I'd really like it if you stopped by at practice one of these evenings – see how I dominate the field," he winked.

"Sure, I'd like that," I heard myself saying. Jace reached across and quickly kissed me on the cheeks before he turned his attention back to the road.

When he dropped me off and I began my walk up to my room, I could feel the evidence of the disaster between my thighs. Unlike Logan, it was not from the result of something incredibly mind-blowing; it was just plain disaster. As I opened the door to my room, I dreaded the conversation with Dian. The last thing I wanted to discuss was what happened - explain how I acted like a slut and had slept with the quarterback on the first night. It made me feel sick to my stomach, but when I entered, I was pleasantly shocked to find she wasn't there. Probably decided to 'chill' with Matthew. Hopefully, it was going better than mine had gone.

I immediately headed to the bathroom and took a quick shower before I came back into the room and flopped down on the bed, replaying everything in my head. I had hoped that although the sparks had not flown when Jace and I were together, the sex would at least be good. But it wasn't, and maybe my standards were a bit high after Logan, but I didn't expect the need to still be there, and I didn't think Jace would come that quick.

I groaned and shuffled beneath the sheets, wanting the release that Jace couldn't give. My fingers trailed along my open leg and to my vagina, where I teased my flesh through the fabric. There was still that bit of sensitivity – that ache I wished would go away. I found my hardened bud and began to massage it while I allowed my thoughts to go back to that night of pure pleasure. Logan's mouth on me, his fingers trailing all over. I wanted my body on full alert, the feeling that had swam through me when he pinned me with his intense blue eyes and then his hands. I wanted it all. I wanted his rock-hard member parting my slit, massaging my clit before he sunk deep within my flesh and proceeded to give me an unending amount of pleasure.

I'd simply die if I didn't experience that feeling again in this lifetime – I was already on the verge of doing so. So sex-starved that I think I'd lose my mind at any given moment. I wanted Logan. I wanted the man who had made me feel so sexy and alive, who had opened a world of pleasure I didn't even know existed until him. I wanted that. I wanted every second of it and tried to do the best I could to have that now that he couldn't. A simple thought of Logan could get me wet… just thinking about him in such a manner had me

soaked. My fingers trickled under the waistband of my panties and found my dripping core – a single touch causing a shockwave of sensations to plummet through my body.

My middle finger slid over my saturated flesh, the feeling like a touch of silk as pleasure erupted through me. I moaned and closed my eyes as images of Logan flashed across my thoughts. His mouth against my slit, his manhood in it. It was all too much. My fingers began to circle my clitoris, causing my core to pool with more wetness as I further aroused myself. My body clenched, and I could feel the juices oozing from me and down my ass. I was so ready to be stuffed by something that it almost became unbearable. Without a second thought, I slipped my fingers from my hard clit and inside my hole. One finger slipped in with ease, caressing the bruised walls that Jace had caused, but I needed more. I needed to feel something close to what Logan had made me feel. Another finger joined, and I could feel the juices sluicing down my fingers as I pleasured myself. With each stroke, the desperation for release increased, and I found myself moaning and writhing as I basked in the sensations I'd created for myself.

I closed my eyes and sunk my fingers as deep as my snatch could allow, whimpering when I touched a spot that had me clamping my legs together. But I wasn't done yet, regardless of the orgasm beating at my gates. I moved my fingers faster and faster until all I could feel was an insurmountable pleasure. But I wanted this feeling rippling through me for longer, so I pulled them out, circled my drenched clit and went back in again, feeling as I opened up in welcome. The feeling of discomfort faded, and my fingers began to thrust even deeper and faster before my mouth opened up, and a surge of blinding pleasure wrenched me. I bit down on my lips in an attempt to suppress my cries as my body quivered and convulsed in the wake of my orgasm. My fingers were still inside, my walls clamping down on them as my orgasm riddled my body.

I felt so weightless afterward – similar to how I had felt with Logan but nothing compared. My eyes started to flutter open and close as sleep threatened my form. I allowed the bliss to float through me as I fell asleep, the most contented I had ever felt in weeks.

Chapter 9

Bella

Dian scoffed, mouth opened in shock as I relayed the events of the past evening to her. I'd prefer if I had kept it a secret, but Dian was always my go-to, even though she didn't always give the best advice, and I knew she would ask as soon as she had the chance to, anyway. So when she came back this morning, it was the first thing she inquired about after taking a shower.

"So you're telling me Jace Bradford is a three-minute man?" she exclaimed, green eyes wide.

I nodded. "And the three minutes weren't even good?" she asked.

I shook my head. "It wasn't."

"OMG, this is headline-worthy stuff; I can't believe it?" she said as her eyes searched the room, her brain obviously spinning. Her gaze snapped back to me. "So why are you even making plans to go out with him again?"

I sighed. "I don't want to end things after one date, especially since I had been stupid enough to have sex with him," I scowled.

Dian nodded understandingly. "But the date went great, right? – Apart from the whole sex thing."

"Yeah, he wasn't so bad in that department after all," I said, and Dian giggled.

"Maybe it was just because it was the first time. Some guys can't hold out for long, but it might get better," she shrugged.

I picked at my nails. "I'm not holding my breath."

Dian blew out a sigh and reached for my shoulders, giving them a gentle squeeze. "Not every love story has sparks flying right away or incredible sex. Some take time. I'm pretty sure Jace will eventually get there."

I shrugged my shoulders and rolled off the bed. "We'll see. Anyway, he's been blowing up my phone since last night and has invited me to see his practice this afternoon."

"Aww, seems like poor Jace is in deeper than we thought," Dian grinned.

I rolled my eyes. "I hope not because I'm not looking to rush anything."

“I heard they got a new coach anyway. Word is the guy is hotter than the players. I’m dying to see who it is,” Dian geeked.

An idea immediately popped up. “Oh, you could come with me then; that way, you would know as well as keep me company!” I said as I beamed at her.

Dian made a sad face. “Sorry, Bells. Around that time, I’m gonna be collecting clothes from a sponsorship and ohh – I want you to please take some photos of me in them. My tripod is broken, and having the new one delivered will take a day or so.”

“Ok, sure, when?”

“Around five or so.”

“Yeah, sure, I’m sure practice will be done by then, and if it isn’t, it’s still a pretty good excuse to leave. I’m not a fan of the sport.”

Bella laughed. “Join the club. Do you think I need to brighten the pink for the photos?” she asked, weaving her fingers through her hair.

“No, the blonde is barely even showing at this point.”

“True,” she said as she flashed me a sly smile. “I can’t believe that you are slowly becoming the girlfriend of a star player! Watch out for the other girls, Bells; they are gonna be watching you like a hawk and maybe want to pick your eyes out too.”

I groaned and did a face palm. “Don’t remind me!”

Dian laughed. “Don’t worry, I’m sure it won’t be so bad.”

“I hope not.”

***

I made my way through an economics test, and a few other classes, and before I knew it, it was almost time to see Jace play. I realized something that had never been evident before. People were staring at me, and while some always did because I was the best friend of the biggest influencer on campus, this time, it was different. Not only were they looking, but some were also whispering as I passed – eyeing me from top to bottom. I wanted to curl up in my shell and go back to when I was almost invisible to people. This wasn’t the type of attention I wanted to attract. Not because of Jace, of all people. I could just imagine what they all had to say about me – what assumptions they were drawing based on the fact that Jace and I had gone on one date! Did he tell people that we had sex? As the thought came to me, I wanted to sink through the ground. Guys had a way of bragging to their friends, and while Jace would have liked to convince

everyone that he wasn't the typical guy, he was a guy nonetheless. A guy who obviously sought validation from people's opinions.

I felt sick to my stomach and considered heading home but realized the walk to my dorm room would be longer than the walk to the stadium, and I couldn't go through all that again. I quickly made my way there, happy I was wearing skinny black jeans and a black crop top. That wasn't exactly plain.

The stands were almost empty except for a few groupies and people who came to support. The guys were dressed in gear, doing warm-ups, and I made it a mission to sit the furthest away from everyone but still close enough to see what was happening. I didn't know the first thing about the sport and wanted to laugh at how ridiculous this whole thing was. Who was I kidding?! There was no way I could fit into this lifestyle – there was no way I wanted to, which became clearer with each passing second. I should never have said yes to a date with Jace – I should have stayed moping over Logan, who I was still fricking moping over regardless of being with Jace. Being with someone else should have made things better, but all I could do was compare; see all the things that Jace lacked that Logan had possessed. It was fricking torture!

"Bella, right?" I heard a voice behind me say. My head snapped around to see two girls standing behind me, long legs exposed beneath their little mini-skirts and crop tops showing their blinding navel rings.

I cleared my throat and managed a smile. "Yeah."

They both plastered a smile on their petite little faces and came to sit on opposite sides of me. The brunette flipped her hair and stretched out a hand to me. "I'm Lilly, and that is Carmen. My man is the wide receiver, and hers is the center," she smiled, and I shook her hand.

"Nice to meet you, guys," I said, glancing at the dark skin who had not said a word. Only smiled.

"Word is, you're Jace's girl," Lilly said.

I could feel the blood draining from my face. "I er – we're not really official or anything like that," I said.

Carmen laughed. "Tell that to Jace. All he does is brag about you, but he was right, though, you are a real beauty, I must admit," she said as her gaze roamed over me in the most seductive manner. Who was she here for again?

I swallowed. "Thanks."

"I like your hair. Where did you get it done?" Lilly asked,

weaving a few strands through her fingers.

"Er, I don't quite remember. My friend Dian actually brought me there, I-"

"OMG, I love her so much. I live for her videos!"

"And her Instagram. The girl is a straight up baddie," Carmen gushed. "And have you seen her body? – To die for!"

"How did you guys become friends?" Lilly asked as she ran her gaze over my fit.

"She's been my roomie since first year," I said as my brows furrowed.

"We should all hang out sometimes. Us and the guys and Dian, of course!" Carmen exclaimed.

"Totes!"

My mind was racing. It was hard to keep up with these two. Dian was enough of a chatterbox for me; I didn't need these two joining the club with their high-pitched voice and personalities I'd have to take my time figuring out. It was overwhelming.

"Oh, they've started!" Lilly shrieked, and I almost jumped as my gaze snapped to the field to see the guys had formed into two teams and were competing against each other. I squinted my eyes and could spot Jace, who immediately waved at me despite the tussling.

"Awww!" the girls chirped in unison.

A blush warmed my cheeks, and I waved at him before he dashed across the field, chasing one of the players. I winced when they began to crash into each other, the sound of their helmets and gears crunching as they made contact. I couldn't help but squirm at every contact, and I knew I would never get to the point of liking this sport. I realized the goal was to get the ball at a certain point while wrestling for it. All the protective gear made sense, and with Lilly and Carmen at both ears, it was hard not to pick up on what was happening. Still, it wasn't the most entertaining or interesting sport I had ever seen, and I would choose a book over it any day. As a matter of fact, if the girls hadn't decided to come and keep my company, I might have pulled out a book to distract myself and pass the time, but I didn't want to seem like that girl in front of anyone. And heck, I didn't want to hurt Jace's feelings either.

Minutes seemed like hours, and an actual hour later felt like a lifetime, but things quickly began to wind down, and I was aware of that thanks to the girls who bragged it was a good practice overall.

"This new coach seems to really be putting in the work,"

Carmen said.

"And OMG, have you seen him?!" Lilly exclaimed. "I swear he is like a God. I'll drop my man any day if I get a chance to climb that stallion," she said and giggled, Carmen joining in as they gushed about the coach.

Heck, at this point, I was now pretty curious to see what he looked like – see what the fuss was all about.

"Oh, come on, Bella. Let's go congratulate the guys on a good practice match!" Carmen said as they both got up and waited for me to do the same. I held back a sigh and did as was asked, following the chirpy girls to the field to meet their partners. I didn't know why my heart was beating so fast – it wasn't as if I hadn't seen Jace before. Or maybe it was because I was certain I would draw even more attention, being Jace's new girl and all. All his friends were on the team – the people he bragged about me with.

Jace spotted me from afar, a smile lighting up his face as he saw me. He began to walk faster toward me, jogging a little as he pulled his helmet off – still padded in football gear.

I smiled because it was like his joy was radiating off him on me. I could see that my being here was important to him for some reason, and although he was dripping with sweat and stained with dirt, I didn't exactly cringe when he came and hugged me, lifting me off the ground as he spun me into a little circle. I laughed – I actually laughed and clung to him. He smelled like sweat and cologne, which wasn't the most pleasant, but I still allowed myself to bask in the moment. People were looking at us, his friends nudging each other as they watched, but I didn't mind – not now.

"I'm glad you came," he said when he put me down.

I smiled. "I'm glad I did too. It was great seeing you out there. You were a beast," I said, repeating the word the girls had used to describe him.

He smiled broadly and ran his fingers through his damp hair, spiking it up a bit. "Yeah? So what do you say, this football thing could actually work for me?"

"Definitely." He lowered his head and kissed my lips lightly, smiling hard when he pulled away. Jace seemed like such a great guy so far – I just wished I shared the same feelings. And it kinda made me sad because I knew that if I weren't so hung up on Logan, I would be more open to giving this a fighting chance, but sadly, Jace didn't hold a candle to Logan.

"Come, I want you to meet some of the guys," he said as he held

my hands.

I remained grounded. “Jace, we agreed we would take it slow,” I whispered, looking at the guys who were obviously eager to meet me. They couldn’t stop staring.

His smile faltered a little. “I know, but everyone knows we’re dating already…”

I stepped closer toward him. “By any chance, did you mention that we slept together?” I whispered, feeling my cheeks warming.

His brows furrowed, a look of confusion crossing his face. “To the guys – no. That’s our business,” he said, and I immediately felt a sense of relief overcome me, but I wasn’t a hundred percent reassured.

“Hey, Bradford – a word, please,” a voice said from behind. My body stiffened as familiarity dawned, and my brain raced to put a face to it. But that didn’t take long. I knew who it was, and when Jace turned to acknowledge him, and he came into view, my world crashed before me. I couldn’t believe it; I couldn’t believe that what I was seeing was true. He was right there. The man I had pined over for weeks – the man who had occupied my thoughts for weeks on end was standing right in front of me. My knees weakened, and it was like I had lost my grip on reality with how my head was spinning. Logan was right there, his eyes widening a bit when he saw me, that pure lust and wonder taking over his blue eyes. Our gazes met, and everyone else became non-existent.

Suddenly, I was reminded of everything – every touch, every caress. That entire night came swimming back into my head so vividly, it felt real. A series of emotions came crashing within me, and I was there, thinking about the wonderful night we had and what I had awakened to in the morning. It spilled out of me, and I could feel my eyes sting as the wound I had been working so hard to repair ripped wide open.

He was staring at me with those intense blue eyes, looking sexier than the day we met in his t-shirt that clung to every muscle and shorts that showed off his toned legs. His beard was still low cut, his hair had grown out a little, and the tattoo was still so visible on his neck. I remembered kissing along it, tracing every line with the curve of my tongue. The tears fell from my eyes, and before Jace could see it, I dashed from the field, not caring how ridiculous I looked. I couldn’t be there for another second – I couldn’t stand to look into his face and feel the happiness that bubbled up inside me, along with the despise I also felt for him and what he had done. It was all too much. Too overwhelming.

Chapter 10

Logan

I had been optimistic about the day from the very moment I got out of bed this morning, but nothing could have prepared me for what I was now witnessing. Bella was right in front of me. After looking for her for all these weeks, hoping I would see her again, being obsessive about it with each passing day, she was actually here. At the most unlikely spot with the most unlikely set of people I had expected to see her with. I was so caught up in finding her and seeing her again that I had not fathomed the idea of her being a college student. How could I not have guessed? How could it not have crossed my mind even after getting this position?

None of it mattered now, anyway. She was here now, and I couldn't let her slip through my fingers yet again. I couldn't believe it. She was beautiful, small, with that look of innocence she still possessed even after I had taken her over and over again. This time, though, there wasn't any makeup on her face, and fuck, if she wasn't even more beautiful with her beautiful ivory skin, her lush lips, her expressive brown eyes that were bigger now in her state of shock. Bella was delectable, and my body was on full alert as my cock stirred, and my fingers itched to touch her.

As I stared at her, completely dumbfounded, her eyes began to glisten, and before I could give it any thought, she was dashing away with tears streaming down her face. My first thought was to run after her, and I was about to, but then Jace – who I had completely forgotten was before us – spoke, and reality kicked it.

"Er – could you give me a sec, coach? I'm gonna go see what's wrong with my girl," he said, and before I got the chance to respond, he was running off behind Bella. His words resonated in my head, and I came to the startling realization that Bella was someone else's girlfriend. Jace Bradford.

I could feel the fire rushing through my veins as the thought of another man with my woman dawned on me. Bella was mine, and I had made it clear that night. She was mine to touch and mine to keep. But here she was with another man with me just a memory in the back of her mind. But I refused to accept that.

I stormed from the field and into my office, wanting to punch something. When I saw nothing was available, I resorted to the wall, slamming my fist onto it, knowing I would regret it later.

“Fuck!” I exclaimed between clenched teeth, pacing the small room as my brain raced.

There were so many things I needed the answers to. The first, why she had stormed out of my house the following morning after the amazing night we had. I needed her to look me in the eyes and tell me where I had gone wrong and why she had moved on so quickly. Did it really mean nothing to her? Had she forgotten what we shared so quickly? I couldn’t see myself with another woman but Bella, and yet she had moved on with her life as if nothing had happened. I didn’t know why I was so angry – things like this happened all the time. At one point in my life, I had been the one fleeing in the mornings. Was this Karma? It also gnawed me to see her with someone younger, someone more handsome – more fitting for her – more in her age range. She was a college student for Christ’s sake! What was I even thinking to be acting like this? If the board found out I had been involved with a student, they would kick me out faster than I had entered. Staff and students were an absolute no-no.

For a brief instant, it made me wonder if this was just how things were supposed to go – if Bella and I had only been good for one night and one night alone. But I was quick to debunk the thought as soon as it came. I knew that she was mine with every fiber of my being, and though this career was everything I had ever dreamt of, I was willing to risk it all for a chance with Bella. It was that simple. I couldn’t lose her again, and I didn’t give a fuck about who stood in my way of having her. No one else mattered.

I made my way out of the office, intent on finding her and almost bumping into Jace in the process. I instantly felt territorial as I sized up the young man with greater scrutiny. It amazed me a bit to find that Bella was with someone like Jace. From what I had observed, she didn’t seem like the type for the limelight.

“Sorry, coach,” he quickly said.

“Is everything alright?”

“Yeah, Bella is fine. I’m just gonna change, so we can leave. Could we have that talk tomorrow?” he asked, that hopefulness in his eyes – the eagerness to quickly hurry back to his girl. My girl. I gritted my teeth.

“Yeah, sure,” I said, eager to have him leave. He smiled, patted me on the shoulder and ran toward the locker room. I began to walk as fast as I could as my eyes scanned the area in search of Bella. I found her along the sides of the bleachers, hugging her shoulders and sniffing while she used her shoulders to wipe at her wet cheeks. The very sight tore at my heart. Seeing her cry tore at me completely, and

feeling that it was because of me left me undone.

When she saw me, she paled, but I was already right up on her for her to run away. I stood before her, drinking in her beautiful facial features.

"What do you want?" she croaked, sniffing.

I was taken aback by her words but curious more than ever to find out what the problem was. "I thought that was obvious from the very first night, Bella. I want you."

Colour returned to her cheeks, but her scoff had her contradicting what was so evident on her face. "Don't mess with me, Logan; I'm no fool," she snapped.

"Where is all of this coming from?" I asked, confused more than ever.

"Don't stand there and pretend that you're innocent and I'm the bad guy!"

I shook my head as if to clear it and took one step closer to her. I could smell her perfume – the same one she had worn the night at the club, and fuck, it was doing things to me. I narrowed in on her neck like a vampire, desperate for a taste. She was perfect, but I had to remind myself about the matter at hand.

"Talk to me, Bella."

She swallowed, pressing her back against the cold iron behind her. "I saw the texts," she whispered between tightly clenched teeth. "I would have appreciated you telling me the truth from the get-go, but you're just a fricking asshole like I should have known you to be!" she hissed, and although my head should be reeling with confusion, I was more captivated by her fiery tongue.

From the corners of my eyes, I spotted a shadow and knew it had to be Jace. Grabbing Bella by the arm, I pulled her around to the other side and pinned her between the rails and my body. She gasped as I lowered my mouth to her ear and whispered, "We need to talk. Meet me at my apartment tonight." Touching her brought my cock to life, but I had no time to act on my desires when I could be caught at any moment. While the idea didn't scare me as much as it should, I knew I had to think this through more with a clear head.

I stood at the corner and watched as Jace approached and placed a small kiss on Bella's forehead before he placed his hand on the small of her back and led her away. I wanted to rip his hands off her and steal Bella away for safekeeping, but I knew I couldn't.

As they disappeared around the corner, I relayed Bella's words through my head and realized what she had said. *I saw the texts*; it was

a statement that left me utterly confused, and I hadn't even had the chance to ask her what she was talking about. I almost gave myself an aneurysm trying to figure out what she meant but decided to check my messages to see what had come in the following morning. As sad as it sounded, only two people were in my text message box was: an old friend from coaching high school football and Jenny. As soon as the name came to me, my heart began to beat fast, knowing there was a hundred percent chance that she was the one.

I skimmed through a series of unanswered texts and went back to the date of the morning Bella had left. I muttered a curse as I read the three text messages that had come in that morning. I had been so hellbent on finding Bella and trying to figure out why she had left that I hadn't noticed that the answers were right in front of me. She had obviously seen the texts from Jenny, assumed she was my partner and fled without a second thought.

"Fuck!" I hissed, kicking at nothing in particular.

A simple misunderstanding was all it was, and I had suffered for weeks because of it. If only I could go back in time and block the woman from the very start, I wouldn't have this problem to deal with. Then my fucking student wouldn't be sporting around my woman in his arms. I raked my fingers through my hair and hoped that Bella would accept my invitation. I had to tell her the reason; I had to let her know that I made her mine from the very moment I saw her and wouldn't dare go against my word. I had to regain her trust.

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That evening, I went home a bit earlier than usual, deciding to skip a drink at the bar and instead head home to prepare dinner. If Bella came, then she would have something to eat. I'd make this all romantic, apologize to her and explain what had happened. I was no chef or anything remotely close to it. I debated ordering take-outs or taking her somewhere, but I wanted her to see the effort and being out with her was maybe not the wisest idea now.

I was wiping sweat from my brow as I prepared a piece of steak and some greens. With trying to look at the recipe I had seen online and preparing the actual meal, I was pretty much exhausted. If Bella decided to come, I had no idea of the time, but I wanted all this to be done by eight at the latest.

I set the table, took a shower, and when I came back, everything was ready. I glanced at the time and realised that it was some minutes past eight, hoping that she would have felt something that night that convinced her to come. But minutes turned into an hour, and by then

disappointment was running deep. She didn't come and that cut deep, but I knew tomorrow was another day for trying. And I wouldn't stop until I had her again.

Chapter 11

Bella

I still couldn't believe that I had seen Logan and had actually spoken to him – felt his touch that had awakened everything inside me. It felt surreal and bittersweet. There was still the anger I had harboured for what I had discovered that morning. And yet when I had confronted him, he had seemed really confused. It made me wonder if he was that good at pretending or if he truly had no idea of what I was talking about.

Part of me wanted to accept his invitation and head over to his house – I had memorized the address, so it wouldn't be hard, but I was scared of what I felt with Logan and what could happen if I actually went. It would bring back too many memories – rehash too many feelings. Part of me wondered if that would be a bad thing, but I knew it would be, seeing that I had moved on with Jace, who had been so clueless about the whole thing. I hated to lie, but I had to tell him that school was taking a toll, and I had randomly broken down in tears. It was a stupid lie, but he had bought it, not for a moment thinking that it was because I had slept with his coach.

The whole thing was a mess, and I could see how things would turn out if I gave in to Logan's temptations. He could lose his job if he was caught, and the rumors would simply kill me. The very thought caused my stomach to churn. I couldn't do it – I had to stay far. No matter how many times I tried to convince myself of that, my body was in turmoil. It was like it had found the missing piece again and was desperate for completion.

I didn't know what I was going to do. How could I still be with Jace, knowing there was no way I could love him, especially with Logan around? I had to end things with him, and I had to avoid Logan, but thinking it was much easier than giving in to the actions.

Even now, I itched to damn it all to hell and head over to Logan's place, but I was trying to be logical at the same time. Damn, adulthood was hard.

Dian entered through the door, and I almost jumped out of my skin. She furrowed her brows when she saw me and flung her bag to her bed. "You look like you've just seen a ghost," she scoffed.

"Not exactly a ghost," I said. "Logan."

Dian continued to peel her jacket off but paused when she processed what I said, her head snapping to me. "What?"

“He’s the new coach,” I said, not holding back.

Dian hastened towards me and sat on the edge of the bed. “You’ve got to be kidding!” she exclaimed, eyes searching my face. “What happened? What did you do when you saw him?”

“I ran away crying in front of him and Jace. It was a disaster,” I said as I shook my head.

“Fuck.”

“Yeah, and then I confronted him privately, and he acted like he had no idea about what I was talking about.”

“What a loser.”

“And then he asked me to come by his place to talk.”

Dian’s eyes widened. “Well, what did you do?”

“I’m here, aren’t I? I couldn’t go.”

“Damn, Bells, I don’t even know what to say. The fucking coach, and your boyfriend is the quarterback.”

“He’s not my boyfriend, Dian.”

“Well, do you want him to be?”

I licked my lips and pondered on it for a second. “I don’t know what I want anymore. This whole thing is a mess,” I sighed.

“True, but what does your gut say?”

“That I should be at Logan’s listening to what he has to say.”

“Then why aren’t you?”

“Because I’m with Jace, and I’m afraid I might be passing up a good guy for someone who’s just interested in playing games. I’m also afraid of the overall outcome this may lead to. There’s no fricking way Logan and I can be together either, Dian. He’s a member of faculty!” I sniffed.

Dian scratched her head, and for the first time, I realized she was speechless on matters regarding this. She always had a lot to say and some advice to give, but even she was confused this time around, which was understandable.

She reached for my hand and smiled. “At the end of the day, things will work themselves out, but Bells, if you aren’t feeling Jace and don’t think you ever will, there’s no point in leading him on in hopes that your feelings will change… because what if it doesn’t, and he ends up being in love with you while you don’t share the same feelings?” She raised a quizzical brow at me and sighed. “Maybe Logan isn’t the guy for you, and maybe he actually is – who knows? But he’s back in your life, and maybe that’s a sign that more is

supposed to happen between you two."

I nodded and reached for her, pulling her in for a hug. "Thanks Dian; I don't know what I would do without you."

"I wonder the same thing every day," she giggled, and I joined in.

***

I slept on it and was willing to make a decision the following morning. I asked Jace to meet me at the Starbucks in town and sat there drinking my favorite – strawberry cheesecake – when he entered through the door, a wide smile on his face. I immediately felt guilty but managed to smile back and kissed him lightly on the lips when he was near enough before he sat.

"Is everything okay?" he asked.

My eyes scanned the scanty café, happy with myself for choosing a seat at the far back and away from inquisitive ears.

"I um- I don't think we should continue this," I said, licking my lips and staring at the wooden table.

When he didn't say anything, I looked up and saw the utter confusion on his face, as well as the disappointment that was so clear in his blue eyes.

"Why? I thought we both enjoyed our date and –"

"I did," I was quick to say. "I just – there's no chemistry, Jace, and I don't want to lead you on," I said, lowering my voice a tad.

His Adam's apple bobbed, and he started to fidget his fingers. "But I do feel something with you, Bella… you're different from all the other girls I've dated," he said, scratching the back of his neck. "Couldn't you give this more time to see if that'll change?" he asked, eyes searching my face.

I licked across my lips. "I'm sorry," I softly said.

He scoffed. "So this is it?" he exclaimed, and my gaze snapped beside us to see if anyone was near. "We fucked on the first day, and less than a week later, you want to call it quits? Maybe you're worse than the other sluts I've been with!"

Heat engulfed my cheeks, and a painful lump rose to my throat. I wanted to die in that very spot, especially when I realized a few people had started looking.

"Jace, please –"

"No, fuck you, Bella!" he said, pushing back in his chair and

causing it to scrape loudly against the wooden floor. I blinked a few times to keep myself from crying, but I just couldn't help it. Grabbing my bag, I hurried from the café and away from the curious gazes of onlookers.

As soon as I was far enough, I stopped to catch my breath and breathed in a lungful, choking sobs as I rested my palms against my knees and leaned against a nearby building. The tears flowed, but they weren't solely because of Jace. It was because of all that had happened and the mess that was turning out to be. How did I allow myself to be in such a position?

But I still had to do one thing, even though it already felt like the hardest thing I would do in my entire life. Nevertheless, I collected myself as best as I could and made my way through a few finance classes. I was still gaining attention from being Jace's new conquest, but I wondered how that would change after the news hit that we were no longer dating. I couldn't wait for whatever it was to come and eventually die down. I couldn't wait for my life to return to normal, and heck, I might even revisit my old closet – be the girl that nobody saw again.

When the clock struck six that afternoon, I knew what needed to be done. My heart was already beating so fast in my chest, I feared I would collapse before doing what I was supposed to. I made my way over to Logan's, taking a cab and instructing him where to go. When he dropped me off in front of his house, I knew I hadn't been mistaken. His Prius was parked out front, which also confirmed that he was home. Every footstep toward the door felt like it carried a tonne. I was at his house, uninvited, not knowing if he had someone over – a woman perhaps. My gut sunk at the thought, and my armpits felt sweaty, my lungs out of breath. It would appear as if I had run a marathon prior to this, but this was the slowest I had ever walked, yet it was the most exhausted I had ever felt.

When I arrived at the small porch, right in front of his door, I took a deep breath and scraped a few tendrils of hair behind my ear. I rubbed my now sweaty palm, rolled it into a fist and rapped on his door, the sound like thunder in my ears.

Waiting for him to open felt like eons had passed, but when the door was finally pulled open, Logan stood there with a look of shock on his face, but I could barely look at his face when he was shirtless, with grey sweatpants drawn over his narrow hips. Who even opened the door like this? I questioned myself, swallowing the saliva that had pooled inside my mouth.

"Bella, come in," he said, stepping to the side.

I licked my lips, still a bit hesitant and stepped inside the familiar, not-so-familiar house. As expected, the night we met came to mind when I had admired the cozy feel of his house before he had carried me upstairs to make love to me.

"I'm glad you came. I was expecting you yesterday, but I'm still happy you came. Can I get you anything to drink?"

"No thanks, I just came to clear the air," I said, clearing my throat. "What we had that night was fun and all, but that was it. It's over, and nothing else can happen between us," I said, the words feeling heavy on my tongue.

Logan's jaw visibly clenched. "What we had was more than just 'fun,' Bella. I think we both know that," he said, his voice a little gruff.

Something inside me ticked. "Actually, I don't, Logan. I thought so for a while, and then I saw for myself that all I was to you was a side piece – someone to pass the time. Have a little fun with – to add another notch to your bedpost!" I exclaimed.

"I figured out what you were talking about. Those texts you saw were from my ex, who I haven't been with in over two months," he said.

"Yeah, right. An ex who calls you babe and tells you she loves you," I scoffed, feeling the anger rise within me.

"She wanted to be back in my life, and I have turned her down many a times, but believe me, nothing was going on between us when I met you."

"And now? Have you rekindled the relationship?"

He took a step toward me, and I could feel the mint on him – the freshness that swirled down my nostrils and through my body. "Don't you understand that after being with you, there's no other woman I could have touched or laid eyes on. You were mine from that very night, and you still continue to be mine even after you left."

A chill ran down my spine, and a fire started to trickle through my body. His eyes were intense, and they were glued on mine as if letting me know that he couldn't lie to me. My heart began to beat faster; part of me wanted to dive into his arms, while another part told me I needed to do what I came here to do.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and dropped my gaze to his chest. "I can't do this Logan. Not now… not again."

"Tell me why – look me in the eyes, Bella."

With every step this man took closer toward me, I began to lose my train of thought. "You are a member of staff, Goddammit, and I'm

a fricking student. So even if I wanted to, I can't," I said, my eyes now foggy with the tears that threatened to spill.

"I'll gladly quit that fucking job and go back to what I had before if it means having you for the rest of my life. Everything I said to you that night, I meant with every fucking piece of me."

The tears finally spilled. "I can't ask you to do that," I croaked. "I can't ask you to jeopardize your career and your future for me."

"You don't have to ask when I would willingly give it all up in the blink of an eye. You don't have any idea how it was for me not waking up to you after having the most amazing night of my life. Every inch of my body ached to have you; my soul yearned for you. Not many people are lucky enough to experience what we have, Bella, and I know you fucking feel it too. Don't try to fight it."

He lifted my chin, forcing me to look into his eyes, which said so much that words couldn't. My mind knew what I should be doing, but my heart couldn't allow it. I gave into the temptation that was this beautiful hunk of a man, went on tippy toes and met his lips, which had lowered to meet mine. Who was I kidding? There was no resisting Logan, no matter how hard I tried. I believed him when he said there was no one else, and I believed him when he said he would drop it all for me, although I didn't want him to. There must be some way we could figure it all out.

When his lips touched mine, it seemed like anything was possible at that moment. I latched onto his lips, allowing myself to bask in the pleasures I had been deprived of for so long. It felt like the first time; the feeling was the same, the instant arousal was the same. His hands trailed up to the back of my head, anchoring me in place as he kissed me with so much need it left my knees weak. I was already burning up, a sweet fire consuming every part of me. Logan's hands were magical, his touch was magical – I had missed him so much.

The need grew the longer we kissed – the intense need to have his skin on mine, to have him inside me. I scoured the sweetness of his mouth as he did mine, my hands hastily reaching down beneath his slacks, feeling the swelling lump between his legs. Fire instantly sparked through my skin, my body yearning for him to a mind-numbing degree.

"God, I missed you so much," he said against my mouth, which trailed from my mouth and to my neck, licking against the sensitive area. He hoisted me in his arms, and I wrapped my legs around his waist as he pressed me against a wall. There, he bathed the length of my neck with licks and hungry kisses, hastily moving to my mouth again to kiss me. My aimless hands trailed along the expanse of his

broad back, gripping his skin when he explored a few spots, which had me pooling with wetness. I wanted him so much that I didn't care for the foreplay this time around. I wanted him inside me, I wanted my body to rejoice from his presence again.

"Please, Logan, I can't wait any longer," I said breathlessly, leaning my neck to the side as he showered it with kisses. "I want you inside me, please," I said, just in case he hadn't heard my earlier words.

My core hummed with need, the knowledge that his cock was just mere inches away made it worse. He paused, looking at me with his intense blue eyes while his lush lips hung open, warming my skin. I slid to the floor and used it as an opportunity to pull my panties off and pull my small dress over my head. Logan watched with hunger lurking in his eyes, kicking off his sweats in the same breath. In seconds, we were naked, standing in front of each other – drinking in the beauty we saw in each other. His eyes lowered to my tits, causing them to tighten instantly. His cock was rigid and thrumming, measuring the distance between us.

"I'm gonna fuck you in every room of this house, Bella. Mark my words," he said, his fingers trailing a lazy line down my side. I shivered and swallowed, my chest rising and falling.

"You're killing me here, Logan. Please," I begged, knowing he was the only man I could ever beg for pleasure.

Both his hands found my ass as he lifted me in his arms for a second time. He kissed me again, and I could feel the juices rushing to my core. My hands tightened around his neck as I felt his length graze my flesh. I prepared myself and wasn't disappointed when he entered me with one hard stroke that almost took my breath away. It came out like a strained gasp, my walls clinging to his massive size. But there wasn't any trouble accommodating Logan when I was practically dripping with arousal for him. The pleasure that seared through me with each stroke that he issued sent me closer and closer to cloud nine. My body rubbed against his, my clit grating on his skin as he buried his entire length inside me.

"Oh Logan, oh God," I purred in the midst of my pleasure, throwing my head forward as I kissed his strong neck and clung tighter to him.

"How could I want anyone else but you, princess?" he announced gruffly as he increased his pace, filling me with harder strokes.

I whimpered at his words, almost on the verge of tears again because I couldn't help the flicker of guilt that rushed through me.

Though we weren't together at the time, I regretted being with Jace and not having him as the one and only man for me. This feeling I was experiencing right now should have sold me on the very first night. I had been a fool to think anything would have worked with anyone else.

His thrusts became more frantic, his name sliding off my lips as pleasure swirled through me. Our bodies were hot against each other, the pungent smell of sex, the sound of his cock in my wetness. I couldn't hold back anymore. I shattered around him, my walls squeezing his unyielding member. My screams echoed in the room, stars floating across my eyes as my orgasm plummeted through me. Logan was still thrusting inside me, rubbing against my sensitive walls that clenched around him with each thrust he administered. Ripples of pleasure still continued to consume me until he twitched inside me and grunted loudly. He pulled out, allowing his cum to splatter against the walls and my legs instead of my insides. Somehow I wanted that to happen. I wanted it all.

We were both breathing heavily, but Logan picked up my exhausted form and carried me to his bedroom, placing me on the bed and lying beside me. I smiled, not wanting the day to end – wanting to live like this forever.

"Are you hungry?" he asked. "We could order something to eat."

"I'd like that," I said, realizing I hadn't really eaten anything except for the drink when I met up with Jace.

Logan kissed me quickly on the lips and rolled off the bed. "Give me a sec; I'm gonna go get my phone," he said, smiling before he dashed through the door. I smiled dreamily and snuggled up to the pillows, basking in the bliss of the moment. And that was exactly what this was; a moment. When reality hit, we had a lot to consider, but for now, I didn't want to burden my mind with it. I just wanted to be here with Logan for as long as I could.

He returned with a phone in hand, completely naked, as he made his way over to me. Every inch of him was ripped and so insanely tempting; I just couldn't believe how lucky I was.

"Your pick. What would you like to have?" he asked as he came to sit beside me again.

I twisted my mouth in indecision. "How about pizza?"

He smiled. "Pizza it is."

After placing the order, he came to lay beside me, holding my gaze. "Can I ask you something?"

“Yeah, sure.”

“Why Jace?”

I momentarily stiffened. “I er – he was the one who asked me out, and I guess I thought I needed someone to get my mind off you,” I said, dropping my gaze to the bedsheets.

“And did it work?”

“Obviously not,” I said, choking out a laugh.

A smile appeared on his lips that quickly vanished as soon as it came. I knew there was something else, and I had a feeling what it was.

“Did you guys…” he trailed off, the muscles working up in his jaw.

My heart fluttered. “Only once,” I whispered, watching as his jaw clenched as his eyes darkened. “I didn’t think I would see you again, Logan. I thought you were only playing me at the club-”

The muscles in his jaw bunched as he pinned me to the bed with his eyes. “I told you that you were mine from day one…”

“And I believed it in the moment, but after seeing those texts, I had to rethink,” I quickly put in.

His Adam’s apple bobbed. “Do you know how much it tears at me knowing that someone else was touching you, kissing you… making love to you?” he said between clenched teeth, his eyes wild.

My eyes stung. “Does that make you think less of me?” I croaked. “Don’t you want me anymore?” I asked, confused.

His eyes slightly widened. “What? Of course, I do. Don’t you understand that nothing you do would ever make me think less of you? I need you as much as the very air I breathe,” he said as he reached for my face and tilted my chin closer to him, caressing my skin with his thumb.

“You broke things off with him, right?”

“Yes,” I said, holding my breath as his hands trailed down my neck, between my breasts and between my legs.

“None of that matters now,” he said, his fingers parting my wet slit, finger pressing against my clit. “All that matters is that you’re here – mine again, and no man will dare to look at you after. This pussy is mine, and my cock is yours, princess.” I pulled in a breath and parted my legs, allowing Logan’s finger to slip into the spot his cock had been just minutes ago.

My chest started to rise and fall as my arousal heightened, the

craving intensifying. I was looking at Logan, and his gaze seemingly bore through my soul as he continued to pleasure me with his eyes never leaving mine.

It all felt too intense – too overwhelming. When he slipped another finger in, I gasped as his digits slowly caressed the inside of my flesh. “Promise me that if you ever have any doubts about us, you will come to me first before running away,” he said, voice thick with lust.

I licked my lips and nodded my head the best I could in this position. “I promise,” I said almost breathlessly.

He pushed his fingers deeper, pushing me one step closer to losing my mind. “Believe me when I say I want you more than anything in this world, Bella. Don’t ever question it. Just know I’d gladly lose everything if it meant having you.”

I believed him now, and I believed everything else he could say to me in the future. It felt all so insane what I was feeling for this man. It was raw and pure, not only driven by sex but a desperation to have him in my life forever, learning everything about him – getting through life together.

His fingers began to move back and forth within me, my pussy walls like silk along his long fingers. I could feel the juices flowing from me that were not from the result of an orgasm but the arousal that stormed through my body because of Logan’s presence.

“I want you inside me,” I said, reaching for his face to kiss his lips.

He smiled and shook his head. “I enjoy watching you like this – seeing everything.”

I slammed my head against the pillows and moaned as the pleasure built inside me. My legs opened up further to grant him more access – to have him probe deeper within me. He went knuckle deep, flickering his fingers inside me, hitting a few spots that had me writhing on the bed and oozing more juices. Pulling out for a brief second, he used his saturated fingers to rub my clit into circles before he slipped back inside me again, moving even faster. I wanted to touch him so badly, I wanted to feel his body on mine. This almost felt like agony.

My mouth opened up, and a strained cry left my lips, my body convulsing as I gripped the sheets and onto Logan’s arm. My body trembled as another orgasm took hold of me.

I closed my eyes, allowing my heart and body to settle. When they fluttered open, Logan was smiling as he slipped his fingers from

inside me and held them up to our gazes. My cheeks flamed as I took in the sight of his creamy fingers.

“Taste yourself. Experience what I taste when my head is between your legs, princess.”

I caught his fingers between my lips, sucking off my own essence and moaning at the taste. Logan watched every second, and once he pulled his fingers out, his mouth was on mine as we shared the taste of my pussy.

Chapter 12

Logan

The pizza came, and we stayed in bed and ate. Bella was telling me about her plans for the future, and I realized I simply could not get enough of this woman. Not only was she ambitious, but she was also bright and full of life and unfiltered beauty. Any man would be lucky to have her, but I was delighted to be the lucky bastard. I could spend forever with her, reminding her of why I was the better choice than Jace or any other man for that matter.

Even now, as I was reminded that she had been with someone else, it left a sour taste in my mouth. I'd wanted to be the only man for Bella, and learning that someone else had explored her glorious body had been like a sucker punch to the gut. But I blamed myself; I blamed myself for not blocking Jenny as soon as the relationship ended. If I had done so, then none of that would have happened.

However, I tried not to think of it and instead tried to focus on the present, reminding myself of how Bella's face had contorted with pleasure when I touched her – knowing no other man could make her feel what I made her feel. I knew that to be a fact. I was that confident in my skills and Bella's body, which I was learning more about as time went by.

"So after college, my dad said he would line up an internship for me at the bank where he works. I'm hoping that will put a head start on my career," she said as she picked at the last slice of pizza, the smile falling from her face. "Logan, I know you said you would gladly drop everything for us, but what then? What will you do?"

I smiled and circled her nipples with my fingers because I couldn't be so close and not touch Bella. "I got myself an agent as soon as I accepted the position at Westgate. He has already started looking at potential opportunities if things don't work at Westgate."

"But how long does stuff like that take?" she asked.

"I'm not sure. It all depends on available opportunities and if I'm what they're looking for."

"But you said you have experience teaching high school football, too, right? If you lead Westgate to victory this season, won't it better your chances?" I could see the excitement shining in her eyes. The hope caused my heart to surge. No one had ever been so hopeful or excited about anything in my life, and that simple fact gave me more reasons to believe that this was the woman for me.

"It would."

"We have to keep things on the low for a while then until Westgate wins a couple of matches."

"Bella…" I started to protest.

"Please, Logan. I wouldn't be able to live with myself if I caused a dent in your future," she argued.

"You won't –" she placed a finger on my lips to keep me quiet.

"Please, just this one thing," she said softly as she snuggled closer to me. She then removed her finger and replaced it with her lips, kissing me softly and tenderly, hardening my cock more than it had been. I pulled her against me – we were both on our sides – kissing and running our hands along each other's skin. Bella's skin was like velvet, pure and soft – without a single blemish. I pulled her against me, my erection now pressed against her lean stomach. Wordlessly, she lifted her leg and placed it over my hips while I shuffled down on the bed a little, still kissing her.

I grabbed one of her ass cheeks and pulled her down on me, my cock fumbling a bit at her small entrance before it parted her lips, and the head pushed its way inside with a small pop as it passed a tight resistance in her opening. Bella sighed against my mouth and deepened the kiss, her soft, lithe body pressing against mine as I pushed my cock further into her.

The silkiness of her flesh, the warmth, the tightness was something I knew I could never get used to. Each time I entered her, it felt new all over again. She was gushing with wetness, allowing me to slide effortlessly back and forth in her sweet little cavern that hugged me upon each thrust. Her sweet smell was intoxicating, the scent of her sex filling my nostrils. It was heaven on earth.

I thrust deeper and harder into her, holding onto her plump little ass cheeks as I pulled her back and forth on my cock. She started to gasp, latching onto me tighter as she moved her hips of her own free will, trying to meet my thrusts.

I knew my length was creamy with her wetness by now. I could feel it pooling at the base of my cock after every single stroke and knew it would be trailing down my legs soon. The imagery I created inside my head caused my cock to swell and my arousal to heighten.

"Fuck!" I exclaimed, capturing her lips again, gripping her in the small of her back as she continued to rock back and forth on my member. She whimpered, which would have been enough to undo me, but Bella shifted positions, causing me to roll on my back while she straddled me and sat on my cock.

She arched her neck and gave herself a moment to get used to the new position, her palms on my chest, my cock buried entirely inside her tight passage. I propped my head up on a pillow, wanting to see each movement. Her lips were spread over my length, her creaminess latched onto both our sexes, and I swore it was the most erotic thing I had ever witnessed in my life.

"How does it feel, princess?" I managed.

She swallowed and looked down at me. "So great, Logan – so fricking incredible," she said as she started to roll her hips, closing her eyes and arching her back, which caused her beautiful brown hair to tumble down her spine and her breasts to jut out further in her chest. I reached for them, fitting each into my palm as she continued to ride me. Her breathing came out in small pants, a whimper leaving her lips when I caught both nipples between my fingers and twisted them into circles.

Her hands were now behind her, resting on my legs. My own hands faltered from her boobs and went to her creamy slender legs, which were sprawled out on both sides, to take me. She started to bounce on my cock, and from this angle, I could clearly see my creamy cock come into view before it disappeared inside her again. I muttered a curse and gripped her legs, watching the beautiful sight in front of me. Her tightness started to squeeze me like a vice grip, and I knew her time was near. Her movements became more frantic, and her actions became a mixture of bouncing and grinding as she used my dick to pleasure herself.

I held her hips and guided her, raising her up and down on my length, loving the sounds of her cries and the sweat that beaded on her forehead as we fucked. My cock swelled, and I released a guttural grunt as I lifted Bella off, so I wouldn't come in her. But she held my hands, looked straight in my eyes and said something that had me busting inside her right away…

"I want to feel all of you, Logan. I want to feel your cum inside me." My cock continued to expand and shoot loads in her, which triggered her own orgasm. She cried and whimpered, her tightness squeezing every drop of semen from me.

"Oh, Fuck!" I exclaimed as I rubbed along her leg, almost dizzy from the feeling that bolted through me.

Bella continued to tremble for almost a minute before she slowly eased off my length, both of us watching as it slipped out and flopped to my stomach. She sighed, her insides clenching and unclenching as a dollop of cum fell from her hole and to my spent cock.

“My gosh, you are perfect,” I said between breaths, kissing her when she collapsed beside me.

***

Bella had decided to stay the night, and we had spent it talking, making love and just being in our own world – somehow afraid of what reality would bring. It didn’t matter to me as long as I had her. The feeling was strange and unlike anything I had ever felt before, but I embraced it. It was quick; it was intense; it was like a whole box of goodies that I couldn’t get enough of.

She slept, looking so peaceful it would be a sin to ruin it. Her mouth was slightly opened, her long lashes flattering on her face while her shiny hair flowed behind her like a river. The way she used both hands as a pillow was adorable, causing her tits to squeeze together, her nipples pointy and hard. My cock twitched, that unending need sweeping through me again. Gosh, when could I ever get enough? It was impossible with her. I watched as she slept and couldn’t help but run my hands along her arms, teasing the pads of my fingers with the softness of her pristine skin. A smile curved her lips, her eyes still closed, and I fucking knew right then and there that I loved this woman. It didn’t matter how much time we spent together; my heart had never felt so full, and I had never experienced so much joy just by someone’s mere presence. It was a feeling I was willing to risk it all for.

My cell phone vibrated on the bedside table, and I had half a mind to leave it alone, but I didn’t want the sound to wake Bella. I reached for it, and my stomach churned when I saw it was Jenny. With a scowl, I hung it up and went straight to blocking her – something I should have done a long time ago.

Bella twisted in the bed and groaned, a smile still on her face, her eyes still closed while she stretched and snuggled up to me. Her eyes fluttered open, welcoming her beautiful brown eyes as she smiled at me.

“Hey,” she said, voice a little husky from sleep.

“Hello, beautiful. How did you sleep.”

Her cheeks reddened. “Better than I ever slept in my whole life.”

I smiled and kissed her on the lips. She didn’t hesitate in kissing me back, snuggling up even closer as heat sizzled between us.

“Logan!” a voice exclaimed, and I knew it wasn’t Bella’s. Just as my brain registered, the door burst open, and Jenny stepped in, her

eyes going wide and her mouth hanging open.

"What the fuck!" I exclaimed, pulling up the covers to sheathe Bella, who gasped and jerked up on the bed. "What the fuck are you doing here?"

"You've got to be fucking kidding me! Who the fuck is that?" she asked, shooting daggers at Bella.

"None of your fucking business," I snapped as I pulled on a pair of shorts and grabbed her by the arm, ushering her out of the room. "How the fuck did you get in here?" I asked, once in the hallway.

"I know where your fucking spare is!" she snapped, crossing her arms. "I've been asking you for a second chance, and already you have someone in your bed? How old is she, by the way? She doesn't even look old enough to drink?"

My jaw ticked. "I have nothing to explain to you; get the fuck out!" I said, pointing down the stairs.

She stood grounded, staring at me before her eyes lit up for some reason. Her mouth opened in incredulity. "Don't tell me she's a college student!"

When I didn't answer, she scoffed, green eyes twinkling with mischief. "She fucking is, isn't she?" she laughed dryly.

I grabbed her arm again and led her downstairs. She shrugged out of my hand when we arrived at the base of the stairs. "Do you know how much trouble you could get in for fucking a student, Logan? I wouldn't want you to ruin that pretty little new job of yours now, would I?" she smiled slyly.

I was at boiling point. "What the fuck do you want?"

She licked her lips and crossed her arms, lifting her chin. "I want a second chance."

"Not a fucking chance in hell!" I almost laughed in her face but was too angry to.

"I said I was sorry for cheating!" she exclaimed in frustration.

"And I'm telling you to fuck yourself with your apology!" I shot back.

Her eyes glistened, her mouth drawn in a thin line, and I realized Jenny wasn't even all that. What the fuck had I seen in her?

She blinked a couple of times, and the artificial tears fell. "I need your help, okay," she sniffed, folding her arms and hanging her head. "I'm short on rent for this month, and my landlord is threatening to evict me. I don't have anywhere else to go," she admitted, refusing to meet my gaze.

Of course, there was something else. “So you’re telling me fucking all those rich men behind my back had been in vain?” I raised a mocking brow.

Her lips twisted. “Please, you’re the only one I can turn to.”

“Get a fucking job, Jenny,” I hissed as I walked toward the door and opened it up, waiting for her to get the gist.

She cleared her throat. “I don’t wanna have to report your little secret to the board, Logan, don’t push me,” she threatened.

By this time, I was seeing red. “I don’t give a fuck what you do. Go!”

She took a step closer to me. “Do you really want your little girlfriend to spend the rest of her college life being the center of attention for the wrong reasons? People will fucking alienate her, laugh at her. You’ll just be fired, but she has to live with it on a daily basis. Don’t you give a fuck about that, Logan, or does she mean so little to you?” The soft, remorseful tone she had carried earlier was gone, replaced with pure spite and dread. As hard as it was to accept, her words had me thinking. I had been so wrapped up in having Bella that I had not thought so much about the long-term effects.

“Two grand in my account, and I will leave you alone, but my lips will start moving if I don’t see it by this afternoon.”

I took a step toward her, looking down at her, seeing the way her throat bobbed with fear. “Fine,” I said between tightly clenched teeth. “But after that, if you dare to threaten me or my woman again, I will wring your fucking neck on the spot. Don’t push me,” I warned, my eyes not leaving her.

Finally, she conceded, swallowing hard as she sidestepped me and left the house. I clenched my teeth, slammed the door shut and was about to head back upstairs when I saw Bella coming down the stairs. She was fully dressed, had her hair wrapped in a ponytail, and her eyes were glistening with tears.

I immediately rushed to her. “What’s wrong?” I asked, searching her face for answers.

“I can’t do this,” she said as she pushed past me.

My mouth hung open as I ran after her. “Bella, I’m sorry about Jenny. She’s fucking crazy, but I promise that was the last we’ll see of her,” I said, stopping in front of her.

She sniffed. “It’s not about your ex, Logan. What she said was right, and no matter how many times you tell me you’ll risk it, I can’t.” her lips trembled. “In our heads, this would have worked a million times, but in reality, it’s complicated,” she said as she

attempted to move past me.

I held her wrist, putting her to a halt. “Don’t do this; we can work it out. We discussed this – we can keep things under wrap until this first season, and then I could quit.”

“And what if we’re caught like we were just now? What then?” she asked me, wide-eyed. “I’m sorry, but I can’t.”

I clenched my jaw. “What I feel for you – what we feel for each other should be enough to want to get through this together,” I argued, watching as the tears spilled from her eyes.

“I’m sorry, but it’s not,” she sniffed, using the back of her hand to wipe her tears before she tugged out of my hand and left me there, speechless.

The only way I could stop Bella was if I tied her to a bed, and while the idea of that might seem amusing, I knew I couldn’t. I could only hope that she would come around – no amount of me begging was going to change her mind now. Not when she was so emotional. It cut deep – seeing her leave, knowing I could lose her for a second time. I wasn’t ready for that; I wasn’t ready to let her leave my life.

But it was all a waiting game from here on. I could wait an eternity for Bella, and if that was how long it took for her to realize she already had my whole heart, then that is what I would do.

Chapter 13

Bella

Two weeks had passed since I walked out of Logan's house and every day since, I had cried about it, knowing deep down it was a stupid decision, but I also knew I was doing the right thing. I dreaded the implication, I dreaded what people would think of me, and I hated the idea of me willing to risk it all only to have it fail in the end. Those prospects gnawed at me, roaming relentlessly around my head with each passing day.

There was not a single thought I could muster without it involving Logan. I often thought back to what we shared at his house. Our dreams and aspirations together, plans. It all seemed so surreal then – like everything could be made possible with the snap of a finger.

But then Jenny had come in like a wrecking ball, reminding me that our reality was shitty. It was better this way for both of us, I frequently told myself. Over time, I would get over Logan and move on. That was hard to think as much as it was going to be hard to do because there was one problem: I loved him. I had foolishly worn my heart on the sleeve, and Logan had stolen it – his to keep forever.

The tickling sensation on my face made me realize I was crying, and before I could brush the tears away, a knock came at the door. I stiffened, quickly wiping my face before I rolled out of bed and went to the door. I didn't know who to expect, but when I saw Jace standing there, I realized he was the last person I would have thought of. He had a huge smile plastered on his face and a bouquet of roses in hand.

My brows furrowed. "What's this; what are you doing?" I asked, genuinely confused.

"I come bearing gifts and an apology. I'm sorry for how I reacted at the café, Bella. I didn't mean to come across so disrespectful and harsh," he said.

"It's fine," I shrugged, taking the roses he jutted out for me to take."

"No, it wasn't. Let me make it up to you. A home-cooked dinner with no strings attached," he said, wiggling his brows. That would have sounded good to any other girl but me.

"I'm sorry, I can't accept."

A scowl appeared on his face. "Why the hell not?" he exclaimed,

and I suddenly wanted to roll my eyes. He sighed. “Come on, Bella, I’m trying here,” he said as he slumped his shoulders.

“I’m in love with someone else, Jace. That’s the honest truth!” I blurted, a bit frustrated.

“That doesn’t make any sense; we were together just two weeks ago,” he said, grimacing.

“I know, but I fooled myself into thinking I could get over him by being with you, and it didn’t work,” I said.

He raked his fingers through his hair and scanned the room floor before his eyes met mine again. “So I was a rebound?” he asked, brows furrowing.

My gaze drifted away from him, unable to look into his eyes. “I’m sorry,” I whispered, and he scoffed.

“So you fucked me to get over someone else,” he stated rather than asked. “In what world does that happen?” he laughed drily. “I’m Jace Bradford… it should be the other way around, dammit.”

“We were a mistake, I’m sorry,” I said as I reached for the door to close it.

He clenched his jaw. “You really are just a bitch like the others,” he scoffed. “I wasn’t wrong in that assumption.” He shook his head and turned to leave. I closed the door and sighed, too drained to feel guilty about what had just happened with Jace. But I didn’t even get a chance to collect my thoughts when Dian came through the door.

“I just saw Jace; what’s going on?” she asked. I hadn’t even bothered to look at her. I went to my bed and wrapped myself in my blanket.

“Nothing. Literally,” I sighed. “I’m not really in the mood, Dian.”

“Bells, you’ve been like this for weeks, and it’s worse than the first time,” she said, moving toward my bed.

“Can’t I just do what I want without you having something to say all the time?” I snapped, rolling my eyes.

“No, because you don’t know what the fuck you want sometimes, Bells,” she exclaimed.

“Just leave me alone.”

“You’re wound up about Logan, who would be willing to drop it all for you, but you’re here moping because you can’t see a good thing even if it kicked you in the ass!”

I bounded from the bed. “I already told you why Logan and I can’t work! Why are you acting like this?” I argued, glaring at her.

“Bells, you’re afraid of what people might think. People who don’t even give a fuck about you, to begin with. You’re willing to let the love of your life pass you because you are a fucking chicken!”

“You wouldn’t understand how hard this has been for me?” I exclaimed.

“Why, because you think all I want to do is fuck with no intentions of finding love?” she said with a raised brow.

“I never said that!”

“You are a fucking coward who always has to analyze every single thing, Bella. Don’t let life pass you by because you’re trying to figure out how to live it. Nothing is ever going to be perfect; there are things you’re gonna fight for, and there are things that will make you uncomfortable, but you have to figure out whether or not it’s worth it. I say Logan is fucking worth it because I can see that you love him, and it pisses me off to see you can’t even admit that to him or yourself.”

I stood there trembling because it was the first time seeing Dian so angry – on the verge of tears because my well-being mattered to her so much. I flopped down in the bed and started to sob because I knew she was speaking the truth. I always looked at life from a logical perspective, which was a good thing but disallowed me from seeing the beauty within the risks. Yes, I was afraid of failure, I was afraid of judgment and realizing that was a hard pill to swallow.

Dian sighed and came to sit beside me on the bed. She draped a hand around my shoulder and rested her head against my shoulder. “You can move on and move past Logan, but I don’t want you to look back on life and say you regretted not giving this a chance. Life is too short not to accept love when you find it, Bells.”

I sniffed. “What if I’m too late? What if my biggest mistake was leaving his house?”

“There’s only one way to find out.” She smiled, and I turned to hug her.

Chapter 14

Logan

Somehow, though I had made it my life's mission to love and enjoy the sport I had dedicated most of my life to, it seemed lacking all of a sudden. There was no motivation, no real interest, just a task I wished would be over as soon as possible. Each day, I was tempted to explore the dorms searching for Bella but caught myself when I realized it was not what she would have wanted.

It had been almost three weeks, and admittedly, I'd been patient – the most patient I'd been in my entire life, but each day started to feel like a losing battle.

One evening at practice, I went searching for Jace since his footwork had started to get sloppy on the field. I entered their locker room and nodded my greeting to a few players, who immediately went into their shells as they saw me, clearing the way as if my mere presence was a ball of destruction.

"Have you seen Jace?" I asked as I made my way through and was directed to the back.

The closer I got, I recognized his voice and realized he and another teammate were having a conversation. I didn't mean to eavesdrop, but the closer I got, the clearer their words became.

"Yeah, dude, Sally is not really my type," I heard Jace say.

"Hmm, so what happened to that brunette, by the way? The one that hangs with that Instagram chick, Dian."

My brain raced to make a connection as I remembered the talks we had several weeks back when we had just laid in bed talking. Bella had mentioned her friend – she said that's who she was with at the bar when we met. And Bella was a brunette who had been with Jace.

Jace scoffed. "I'm telling you it's the quiet ones man. The ones you least expect shit from; they're the ones with the most fucking drama."

The friend chuckled. "What the fuck happened?"

"We went on one date, fucked, and a couple of days later, she tells me she's not into me." My teeth gritted at how he was talking and bragging that he had been with my woman.

"Sheesh!"

"Yeah, and even then, I tried to make things right because heck – I wouldn't mind some more of that pussy – tight as fuck, dawg!" he

laughed, and the friend joined in.

At this point, I thought I'd heard enough as anger raged through me. I was about to make an appearance, but he just kept talking. "Then the fucking slut tells me she's in love with someone else," he scoffed.

I marched to the other side, too angry to see anything but red but also picking up on one small thing as I did so. As I turned the corner, Jace and the other guy's eyes widened, and I figured it was more because I was storming toward them like I intended to kill more than anything else. I couldn't hold myself back. I couldn't control the anger that stormed through me. I approached Jace and punched him squarely across the jaw, sending him jolting back toward the lockers as they made a resounding crashing sound. He immediately grabbed onto his presumably busted lips as he stared at me with shock and confusion.

"What the fuck, coach?!"

"Don't you dare talk about Bella like that!" I barked but quickly caught myself. "Any other female, for that matter." I quickly added, and he seemed even more confused. I had half a mind to pounce on him again, just to let out my frustrations, but then I saw that the friend was still there with his mouth hanging, and footsteps started to approach.

Assistant coach Barkley was the first to enter and see Jace slumped on the ground, looking up at me with his eyes wide.

"What the fuck happened?" he demanded, looking to Jace and then at me. My fists were still folded, and I was still shooting daggers at Jace while he sat there like a scared cat. It was easy to see what happened here.

"Tell Principal Cole he'll have my resignation in the morning," I said to Barkley before walking through the small crowd and out of the building.

As soon as I was on the outside, I raked my hands through my hair and muttered a curse, deciding to head home. Of course, that wasn't my wisest choice, but heck, maybe Westgate wasn't for me at all.

I headed home and had to blink a few times when I parked and realized someone was on my porch, but not just someone – Bella. My heart soared in my chest as I quickly got out and made my way toward her. Since the walk seemed endless, I began to jog a little until I was near enough to see and smell the beauty that had captured my heart.

“Bella,” I said, searching her face, eager to know what this would lead to.

She fidgeted with her fingers and managed a small smile. “Can we talk?” she asked.

I nodded, “Sure,” gesturing towards the long wooden chair.

We both sat, and I was just there staring into her face, admiring her beauty, reflecting on the days when she was mine.

“I’m sorry, Logan, I shouldn’t have left the way I did… I shouldn’t have left at all,” she said, biting her lips before her gaze dropped to her hands. “These past weeks, I’ve had some time to think and realized that I would never be happy if I didn’t have you by my side. I was scared of all the complications reality would bring, not realizing that losing you meant more to me than what people would say. I’m sorry I took so long to realize it,” she said, looking at me with her pleading eyes.

I smiled. “I would have waited for you no matter how much time it took because I love you, Bella,” I confessed, and her lips started to tremble, her eyes glistening.

“I love you, too,” she choked as she leaped into my arms and kissed me. “So very much.”

I hugged her tight, not wanting to let her go – afraid she would slip through my fingers if I did. “Promise me that you won’t run again. Promise me that whatever shots life fires at us, we will armor up and face it together.”

She broke apart and looked me straight in the eyes as she nodded. “I promise. And I don’t care if the whole school knows about us. I’ll be happy with anything as long as I have you at the end of the day.”

My heart warmed, but then I reminded myself what I had done earlier. “I quit my job, so you don’t have to worry about that,” I confessed.

“What? Why?”

“I overheard Jace making some snarky comments about you, and I punched him. They would have probably fired me anyway,” I scoffed, smiling, but Bella didn’t seem too amused.

“Logan, you didn’t have to do that!”

“I did. You are mine, Bella, and that means protecting and loving you, and being able to go to the end of the earth for you. I would do that in a heartbeat – know that.”

She smiled. “So what will you do now?”

“My agent is still putting in the work, but if football doesn’t work out, I have a few things to fall back on and enough money to guarantee our security for a while.”

She hugged me. “I love you, Logan.”

“I love you more, princess.”

Epilogue

Bella

I watched the game ahead from the VIP section that had been reserved for us. There were a couple of minutes left in the game, and everyone was on high alert to see who would win. My phone shrilled beside me, and I almost jumped out of my seat as I picked it up and recognized who the caller was. I smiled and answered.

"Hey, Mom," I asked, looking ahead at the players.

"Hey, baby, how's the game going?" she asked, and I smiled.

"Great so far; we're in the lead. It should be finished any minute now," I informed.

"Awesome. Let me know the results as soon as it's over," she said.

"Will do, Mom."

"When will you guys be back? We miss you guys."

My heart swelled in my chest. "In a couple of days. Logan has a few things to finish up, and then we're on our way," I said.

"Ok, can't wait. Anyway… my shift at the hospital has just ended, so I'm on my way home to make dinner for your father."

"Ok, tell him hi for me," I said.

"Will do, baby; I love you."

"I love you too, Mom."

I ended the call with a smile on my face, a bigger one spreading my cheeks when Dian came up behind me with Emmet in hand. She grinned at me, her excitement geared at the game ahead.

She handed me Emmet – the toddler who seemed to understand what was happening around him. Dian pulled out her phone and turned the camera to the playing field while she spoke to her followers on the other end. I smiled as I reflected on how far she had come. What had just started out as being a social media personality ended with her having millions of supporters, who enabled her to live the life she was living now. This was her job; traveling and exploring new things, which she showed to the world.

I smiled down at Emmet, who started to play with the buttons on my shirt but paused to assess his surroundings when the stadium erupted in celebratory noises. I bounded from my chair with him in hand, jumping on my feet as excitement consumed me. I watched as

the players sprinted toward each other, bumping chests before they hugged. I couldn't believe that a sport I had hated so much three years ago was now one of my favorites. It was now something I looked forward to and followed up on as often as possible, and that couldn't have been possible without Logan. My life changed completely when I met him.

From where I was, I could see him there congratulating the team while reporters rushed to speak with them. I couldn't wait for all that to be over, so I could have him all to myself. While it sounded selfish, one of the things I hated about Logan being out there was the attention and the groupies that swooned for him, even when they knew he was a married man.

"See, that's Daddy," I said to Emmet, whose eyes were in the same position as mine.

He smiled, a single dimple popping up as he watched more intensely. I held him tight and smothered his cheeks with kisses as we waited for Logan to come up.

Almost half an hour later, he entered the VIP box with a huge smile on his face when he saw us. Seeing him was like falling in love all over again. It was like that every time, and the effect he had on me hadn't waned in the time we had known each other. If anything, it got stronger.

"Hi, coach," I grinned, and he did too at the title.

"Well, if it isn't my two favorite people in the world," he said as he kissed me and took Emmet, who started to laugh when he hoisted him in the air a couple of times.

"Great match."

"Thanks, babe. I don't know about you, but I'm ready to go home."

"Well not home, home," I said, raising a brow. Home for me was LA, and we were miles away from it. Logan leaned in and kissed me gently, and I could feel it all the way through my body, settling between my legs as need consumed me.

"Home for me is wherever you guys are," he said once we broke apart, and I smiled, knowing that that was the only true answer.

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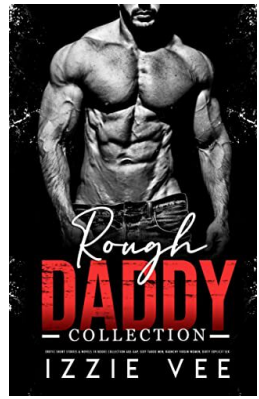

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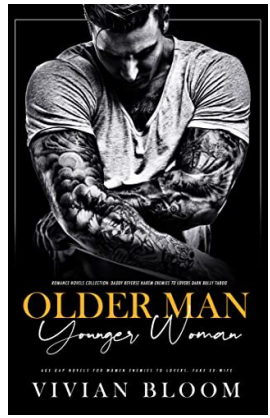

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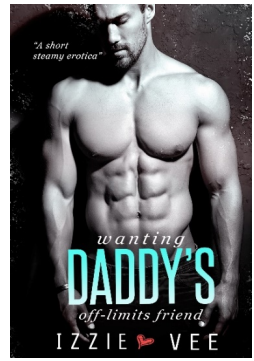

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SAMPLE

I couldn't believe that I was about to head off to college and never had a sexual experience in my life. The person I considered my boyfriend in my senior years of high school was initially the person I thought I would take the big step with but later found that he only had one intention in mind, and that was to fuck the only girl in our year who was rumored to still be a virgin – me. It had hurt, and I had broken off the relationship with a few heated words thrown at him but later realized there wasn't much I wanted out of the relationship either rather than sex.

I didn't want to be a virgin anymore, so I picked the boy that had given me the most attention and decided that he was the one. Unfortunately, he wasn't and here I was, about to head off to college with my hymen intact.

If it were only based on desire alone, then my dream guy would be the one who came over to my house every now and then with all his charm and kindness. He was the first crush I ever had, but I knew there was nothing I could make of the relationship considering he was my father's best friend.

Connor was everything I wanted in a man; he was sweet, kind, caring, incredibly handsome, and packing for his age. He taught gym at the college that I was accepted into, which made my excitement all the more profound. Dad said that Connor would be there to look out for me as he had always done, and I … ***To continue reading get your FREE DOWNLOAD HERE.***